WHO OWNS YOUR LETTERS? . . . BY MELVILLE CANE

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THE
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

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THE LITTLE MAGAZINES: PORTRAIT OF AN AGE
by Frederick J. Hoffman

"GEORGE M. COHAN"
by Ward Morehouse
Reviewed by Manya Gordon

"TALES OF THE TATRAS"
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Reviewed by F. C. Weiskopf

"TARGET: GERMANY"
The Official Story of the VIII Bomber Command
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"THE PSYCHOLOGY OF JUNG"
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"A TREASURY OF RUSSIAN LIFE AND HUMOR"
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Coming home from a target over Germany. (See page 5)

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—JOHN MASON BROWN

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Little Magazines: Portrait of an Age

FREDERICK J. HOFFMAN

THERE is no period in our literary history so well supplied as is the twentieth century with the documents of its esthetic adolescence. Constituting an immense storehouse of information pertinent to its intellectual biography are the "little magazines" of our time.

These magazines have been known variously as "little" and "advance guard." Both terms suit them, but for different reasons. They are "little" because they enjoyed a limited circulation, were constantly handicapped by financial crises and varying forms of indebtedness, relieved only occasionally by the beneficence of a sympathizer who had money in his pockets. This characteristic—the chronic indebtedness of the little magazine—is no accident in its history. Editors encouraged the publication in it of materials which were not given a hearing by established, commercial, or "quality" journals. The little magazine printed, in other words, "advance guard" materials—writings which defied settled conventions and shocked conventional sensibilities. This is important for our understanding of the little magazine; it is indispensable for our appreciating its contribution to an age of literary experiment.

These thirty-one years of our century, from 1912 to 1943, may be characterized as a period during which many people were busy "making up and changing their minds." The nineteenth century has too often been stigmatized as smug and self-confident—a layer of intellectual rock which could not wait for the natural processes of erosion but had to be blasted and cleared. This is a tremendous over-simplification. Nineteenth-century philosophers and psychologists, besides upsetting the dogmatic comfort of their contemporaries, left to their twentieth-century followers the legacy of intense and profound disagreement with the intellectual status quo. There are good reasons why the little magazine from 1912 to 1930 may be called exploratory; they were a direct result of the spontaneous meetings of protest which characterized the times. The psychologies of Freud, Jung, and Adler came to us (often in considerably altered form) in numerous articles from the pens of Floyd Dell, Waldo Frank, James Oppenheim, Conrad Aiken, Ludwig Lewisohn. Consider for a moment the *bete noir* of the twenties—the Puritan. Note with what thoroughness he is plagued and labeled, with what glee he is put into the pillory of his own making and pelted with the fruit and vegetables from his own garden. If one should care to examine the "influence" of Germany's prodigal child, Nietzsche, he may read the essays by George Burman Foster in the early issues of Margaret Anderson's eccentric *Little Review*. As for Karl Marx, what reader does not remember the very difficult thirties, when many of the freest minds of our age were being refitted in Marxist costume? To be sure, no one will go to the little magazine for an *accurate* summary of the philosophy and psychology of his age. There are the all too numerous works of the men, themselves, and, ultimately, one can understand the sources of our culture only by reading them. But it is only through reading the pages of the little magazines that one gains a real understanding of the *manner* in which these ideas were assimilated and reshaped, to meet the requirements of our own age.

The little magazines were first the expression of single minds and singular personalities. Many of them were "one-man" magazines. This was before "schools of thought" snatched the mirror from the hands of the esthete—perhaps even before there were "schools of thought," such as we know them. These magazines were limited by the intellectual scope and vision of their makers. Thus, Michael Monahan's "continuous editorial," known as *The Phoenix*, was supplemented only by his selected quotes from the authors he seemed to like. The parade of titles led by that singular major domo, Guido Bruno, repeats *in extenso* the phrases and clauses of an eccentric. No one will know Bruno unless he knows beforehand the half dozen or so of magazines he published from the little garret in Washington Square. Ezra Pound's work in England cannot be overlooked; for it was he who advanced most enthusiastically the "new note" in English and American letters—first in the London *Egoist*, an "Individualist Review," then with Wyndham Lewis, in the latter's *Blast*, which appeared in 1914. Pound's position as "American representative" for many young writers, his persistent encouragement of all little magazines, and his strong influence upon the "Imagist school" make him the most important figure of this period.

HARRIET MONROE'S *Poetry* had the advantage of an editor intelligent enough to appreciate and measure the true limitations of her prejudices. For this reason, *Poetry* from the beginning was unhindered by a hand too strong or a mind too rigid for its own good. In the brief interplay of temperaments which may be called the "Ezra Pound-Harriet Monroe Correspondence," *Poetry* appeared to be in danger of submitting to the iron strength of Ezra Pound's will. But *Poetry* emerged from that incident stronger and richer than ever. Harriet Monroe controlled the development of her magazine so that no one personality was allowed to overpower it. Hers was an intelligent eclecticism, guided by the good taste

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which alone makes eclecticism tolerable. Margaret Anderson's intensely interesting but highly irregular magazine was less fortunate.

The end of the first World War left many young men who may be called "esthetically unemployable." To be employable in any field, one must have an excellent talent for adjustment to the external world—and at least a slight taste for conformity to it. These young writers were not so much the "lost generation" as they were a generation as yet unborn, enjoying a most amazingly vigorous pre-natal life. They were to inaugurate that immensely stimulating period of American and English letters known simply as "the twenties." One searches long and usually in vain for consistency in editorial pronouncement or selection. One finds what is far more interesting—a group of minds and temperaments brought together by the single strength of a common and insistent desire for expression. The immense capacity for disagreement, not only with the world of commercialized letters but with each other, meant a short life for many of the little magazines of the twenties. It also meant that these magazines were to be a rich fund for anyone who wishes to study the decade. Though contributors and editors sometimes seceded from *Secession,* though *Broom* wandered through Europe and shaped and reshaped its policies, the resulting confusion is illuminating to the serious student of twentieth-century letters. They and magazines like them helped to keep literature alive and to afford it all opportunity for growth. In the twenties also *The Little Review* was having its best days, and the *Wave, The Double Dealer,* and *The Reviewer* published the work of unknown but promising writers.

In the thirties the little magazine was to sense the change in economic affairs and to change with them. Many writers awoke for the first time to the problem of the artist's obligation to society, and were interested specifically in a certain Marxist formula of adjustment. The strength of the little magazines of the early thirties (there were exceptions, of course) lay with the proletarian movement in literature. Since the short story seemed to be literature's closest approach to actual reportage, such little magazines as Jack Conroy's *The Anvil* and Fred Miller's *Blast* carried proletarian fiction almost exclusively. The John Reed Clubs in New York City, Chicago, Philadelphia, Hollywood, and Boston, encouraged for a brief period a literary preoccupation with the underprivileged. From that movement comes the *Partisan Review,* now very much different in appearance and outlook from the magazine of its early days. Within the sphere of Marxist influence there were constant shifts of interest and loyalty. At certain stages of our history politics seem indistinguishable from esthetics. The early thirties saw a great number of young writers turning toward leftwing sociology and politics. Those who did not believe in turning over their literary assets to the new firm went their separate ways.

THE second important development in the thirties is the eager and anxious search for the "night mind" (as Eugene Jolas has called it). It is impossible to do more than outline this search in an essay of this size. Suffice it to say that it is still very active and has led to a number of interesting surrealistic little magazines, now current. Jolas's *transition* was never a surrealist magazine; but he was from the beginning interested in unorthodox modes of communication, and his researches into psychoanalysis and linguistics are an outgrowth of that interest. Let us not misunderstand *transition.* Its policy is free of the recklessness and audacious seriousness of the early surrealists. They are alike, however, in their eagerness to explore, for its literary values, the "irrational" or "unconscious" life of the mind. Jolas believed that the word, as symbol of intellectual communication, must be completely re-formed. He therefore welcomed experiment with language and syntax: three-fourths of Joyce's "Work in Progress" ("Finnegans Wake") was published in Jolas's magazine. The surrealists were concerned more fully with the psychological "state of being" which exists independent of conscious life. Their esthetics pays especial attention to the imagery and metaphor of the unconscious, and to the startling ambiguities which result from an effort to commit the unconscious to paper or canvas.

There is no adequate device for measuring the political temperature of the little magazines. Since their purpose has been primarily literary, emphasis upon politics has usually come when either the circumstances or editorial conviction has given the esthetic and moral conscience some essential unity. Such was the case with Klaus Mann's *Decision,* and is in another sense with the British magazines *Horizon, Wales,* and *The New Alliance. Decision* was established in January of 1941—not to announce but to arrive at a decision. The magazine was not inhospitable to writing for its own sake; but in editorial selection and seriousness of purpose it underlined the poet's most recent desire for a

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positive restatement of his task in the world. "Since the ultimate aim of our enemy is the *dehumanization of man,*" Mann asserted in his first editorial, "our foremost concern must be the ideal of a *new humanism*—a moral and intellectual task of inspiring gravity."

This is by no means the complete story of the little magazine. Much needs to be said by way of elaboration and explanation. The list of valuable and valid little magazines includes scores more than those mentioned in this essay. One fact, it would seem, needs no further emphasis: the little magazine, because of the nature of its beginnings and because of its comparative freedom from the restraining influence of its conservative fellows, accommodated itself to the search for values and to the experiments with form which must be considered the principal contributions of the early twentieth century to literary history. That history remains to be carefully documented, studied, and evaluated. We will no doubt notice that the scholars of the forties will find themselves more and more interested in their own century as a fascinating and complex period and will turn frequently to the little magazine for information.

The Sky Speaks Over Germany

TARGET: GERMANY. The Official Story of the Eighth Bomber Command. Published by Simon & Schuster in Coöperation with Life Magazine. 1943. 120 *pp. Paper* $1; *Cloth* $2.

Reviewed by
SQUADRON LEADER MURRAY HARRIS

THIS is the first complete and authoritative account of America's growing share in the air war over Europe. In it you will find suitably condensed all the material that has been published in so many articles in the daily press and magazines on the operations of the Bomber Command.

The reader is taken by the hand and introduced into the arcana of this vast organization. He is led deep underground into the neon-lighted war room (anglice for Operations H. Q.). Incidentally, this is much deeper now and more solidly constructed than those this reviewer used to burrow in during the early days of the war, when a few stout logs and some shovelfuls of earth were considered sufficient protection for these nerve centers. We are taken into barracks and briefing-room, and shown in stark reality the reactions of these young men who so far outshine all the heroes of history and even of mythology.

Overzealous advocates of air power had led the public to expect immediate results. This book will provide the necessary cold douche. We learn that it took U. S. engineers ten months to build the first airdrome in England, not on their own but with the unstinted help of the R.A.F. and the industry of Britain, to which the authors pay generous tribute. By inference we should not expect too much for the moment from the 12th Air Force, which is still largely operating from African bases. There are only four fields in Italy capable of handling our heavy stuff and three of these are still held by the Boches.

It needs a force of 75,000 men to put 500 heavies over a target, but it takes ten times that number of the enemy to hold them. We were recently told authoritatively from London that between ack-ack teams, demolition and repair squads, ground installations, night fighters, and interceptor craft, and all the paraphernalia needed to carry these shattering air blows in some slight measure, the Germans are using half as many men as they have on the Eastern front against Russia. The authors now tell us that 60 per cent of the Luftwaffe fighters are over the Western front, 22 per cent over the Russian, and 18 per cent in the Mediterranean area. We also learn that ground defenses comprise *inter alia* 40,000 A.A. guns. (The current Bofors and Krupp models cost roughly 20,000 dollars, so there is a billion dollars right there, and a quarter of a million men to service them.)

So, if we want to know what damage is being done by the 8th Air Force and the R.A.F., the enemy gives us the answer himself by his prime preoccupation with this air front. Wide diffusion of these facts would do much to dispel the commonly held idea that we are sitting by while the Russians are winning the war for us. As an intance, isn't it likely that some part, at least, of their recent successes can be traced to the spirited Liberator raid on Ploesti, which so badly dented the German fuel supply and transport systems?

We are surprised to learn that the 8th Air Force was only one seventh of the size of the R.A.F. at the beginning of 1943. By now, however, they should fast be reaching parity. The 8th and their British comrades are now a mutually complementary team. They work together round the calendar and round the clock, and the only respite the Germans get from this fearful pounding is provided by the clerk of the weather. It is particularly gratifying to note that there is no friction and no mutual recrimination between the two forces. Rather a frequent interchange of bouquets, and mutual respect and smooth-working coöperation at all times and everywhere; a model for our home teams, too.

We are reminded in this book that the heavies are still not independent of fighter support. Perhaps they never will be. Africa and Italy have taught us that the Army, the Navy, and the

—From the book

"He came in like this. . . ." After each battle, claims of enemy fighters destroyed are evaluated.

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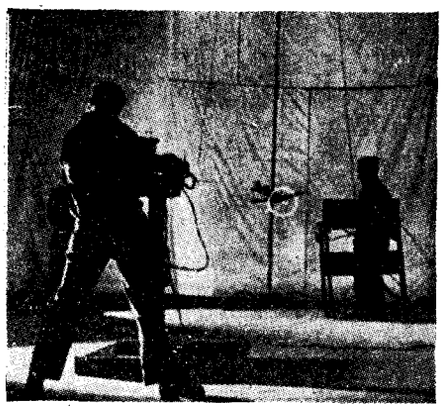

—From the book

Target practice makes perfect. U. S. gunners at Combat School.

heavy bomber all operate now by kind permission of the interceptor fighter and that war has developed into a scramble for advanced airfields. The day is fast coming when Thunderbolts will escort the heavies to any point in Germany. The Hun is reeling from the body punches already received and a knock-out blow from the air does not seem so improbable as it did a year ago. American industry alone is turning out five planes for every one of the Axis. In that one fact, Tokio and Berlin can read their fate.

Daylight precision bombing has certainly proved itself. The standard bearers of this brave new idea were long under a cloud, but their constancy in adhering to the principle has been fully justified.

The authors of this book have nothing to learn from Hilary St. George Saunders, long considered master of this type of work. In their dramatic evocation of the highlights they are indeed unsurpassed. This book contains many such tales of individual heroism. But I will leave for the reader to judge for himself of the quality of the young men who form the fighting crews of the heavies. "None invincible as they," said William Cowper in the finest tribute which could be paid them. It is worth repeating here:

> Then the progeny that springs
> from the forests of our land
> armed with thunder, clad with wings
> shall a wider world command.
>
> Regions Caesar never knew
> thy posterity shall sway,
> where his eagles never flew.
> None invincible as they.

Books into Bonds

Mark Van Doren, Chairman of the Book and Author War Bond Committee, has announced that the quota of $27,000,000, double the original quota of $13,500,000 set at the beginning of the fall series of Rallies, has been topped again. Two more Rallies at Baltimore, Md., and Brookline, Mass., will round out the fall schedule.

Yankee Doodle Dandy Comes Into His Own

GEORGE M. COHAN, PRINCE OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE. By Ward Morehouse. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1943. 240 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

THIS is the book for a Yuletide when the homefires are not as glowing as they should be. It is the pleasant but not sentimental record of the birth and development of a truly American genius. George M. Cohan was every inch native. In some ways he was a lineal descendant of Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee. He was extremely generous, a dynamo of energy and a thoroughly healthy man. His physical exuberance, as we shall see later, had a great deal to do with the type of his dramatic compositions. As Mr. Morehouse portrays him Cohan could laugh heartily and, when deeply moved, he could cry. He never ceased to love his parents and especially adored his mother at a time when mothers were considered anything but deserving of affection. Cohan waved the American flag but not because flag-waving was the fashion. In fact, he persisted in displaying the national colors at a time when this country was definitely out of favor with the intellectual offspring of Uncle Sam.

In other words, the genius who wrote "Over There"—according to Mr. Morehouse it "will live as long as this republic stands"—refused to follow the prevailing intellectual trends in the theatre. And that was true of the songs he sang, the music he danced to, the comedies he acted in. Cohan refused to subscribe to what we may call the Ibsen formula, so popular with our serious-minded theatre-goers before World War I. Ibsen, the master dramatist, was not free of foibles. One of them was his belief in retribution: repeatedly in his plays the wages of sin is death. Our intellectuals, to be sure, denied the theory of retribution but they overlooked this "moralistic" conception of life because the unhappy ending in drama was in fashion and Ibsen's dénouements were certainly unhappy. They were in harmony with an intellectual atmosphere which was serious to the point, often, of a headache. The height of the prevailing mood was reached in "The Comet" in which the heroine (if memory serves, Alla Nazimova) is described by one of the characters as "a woman who lived a thousand years and is looking for rest." What seemed to the present reviewer an extremely comic line was uttered in deep solemnity and was received by the audience with a sigh. That "The Comet" should have been produced at all is proof of the kind of reception that Cohan could expect for his plays.

After the war the people who set the literary fashion revelled in disillusionment. Their opinion of the American homeland was little better than their verdict on Cohan's plays. Anything that included the word home was under suspicion. The serious-minded people of New York, parents and children, danced and drank in order to forget the sad condition of their country. This was the atmosphere in which Cohan wrote his lyrics, music, librettos, and plays.

George M. Cohan kept his attention fastened on the home folk who were neither despairing of the United States nor paying for their sins with death. The people in his plays often lacked polish, but they knew nothing of disillusionment. They danced because they enjoyed dancing, drank because they liked liquor, laughed when they were happy, and cried when they were deeply moved. He was creating healthy normal Americans when eccentricity and nonconformity were the mode. And the reward for his artistic sins—and he had many according to the present biography—was a stubborn opposition on the part of the intellectuals who refused to see the vast difference between his early vaudeville efforts and the maturity, say, of "Broadway Jones."

Actually, "Broadway Jones" was up their alley. It is a sociological play and the problem is presented realistically. The difficulty was in the happy end-

A typical early George M. Cohan "still." This photograph is from the Albert Davis collection.

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ing. Had Jones been killed or had he committed suicide the author would have been hailed as a master realist. In the opinion of the present reviewer, "Broadway Jones" was every bit as worthy a creation as, for example, "The Great Gatsby." The ending was the rub. We are shown that the welfare, the very existence of a large community depends upon the whim of the frivolous and utterly irresponsible Jones. The impending tragedy is evident to the dullest person. It matters little whether Jones marries the girl or hangs himself. But serious-minded New Yorkers who tolerated the same dénouement in Shaw's "Unpleasant Plays" were against Cohan.

Of course, as Mr. Morehouse shows, among the élite there were some courageous spirits. Will Irwin likened Cohan to Shakespeare, and expressed the opinion that Cohan, along with Ring Lardner and several others then achieving wide popularity, would eventually be accepted by the intellectuals.

Nevertheless, the great majority of the intellectuals refused to see that Cohan understood the psychology of the American people much better than they did. In reviewing Cohan's "Friendship" one Broadway critic, Gilbert Gabriel, wrote: "Cohan is with the parents and the bourgeoisie. He is dogged and, I fear, a trifle diffuse about family honor . . . His last few plays, for all their brash settings, have struck the same note of protest against youth's reckless ways in the minds of hard-shelled, quizzically sympathetic elders."

In other words, the author of the "Hit-the-Trail-Holliday," "Broadway Jones," and "The Tavern" was in his appraisal of the American scene at least ten years ahead of his critics. He knew then what the intellectuals discovered only at the beginning of the present war. But they stuck to their guns and refused him even the recognition of a great actor. His work in "Gambling" finally compelled the critics to undo that injustice. Heywood Broun now saw in Cohan "the softest-spoken and the most subtle of all our male comedians. It may sound like a curious partnership but the other player who seems to me to sparkle in a similar acting method is Mrs. Fiske. And so it turns out that Broadway Jones was all along an own cousin to Hedda Gabler." Cohan, indeed, was this in more ways than one, but the really serious New Yorkers did not know it because they were not acquainted with "Broadway Jones." Percy Hammond in *The Tribune* sang the praises of Cohan's genius as an actor. Hammond found that "his impersonations were human, plus Cohan, displaying the mysterious qualities of the thoroughbred. Give Mr. Cohan as appealing a play as Jefferson's 'Rip Van Winkle,'

—*Acme.*

A late photograph of George M. Cohan.

Mansfield's 'Parisian Romance' or 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' or Warfield's 'Music Master' and he will last as long as they have lasted in the sacred memories of American drama lovers. Even in such a tired play as 'Gambling' he proves himself worthy of the decoration which I now have the honor, if not the privilege, of pinning upon him."

The truest chord, however, was struck by President Butler who told the guests at a dinner party in honor of Cohan that he was like George Bernard Shaw in many respects, and called him "an original and independent thinker in his expressions of the speed, humor, and good nature of American life." Mr. Morehouse quotes other opinions equally flattering. Clayton Hamilton once advised Percy MacKaye to imagine and plan an American play. "After that you should turn over the task of writing the dialogue and staging the production to George M. Cohan. Georgie will know how to divest the damned thing of that literary curse which seems to haunt you."

Cohan could humanize a play, but he was unable to inject real laughter and real healthy exuberance into the super-cerebral New Yorkers. And so he followed his own bent and kept his eyes on his native land while they had their gaze fastened on Europe. But when Eugene O'Neill came back home from his dark psychological wanderings to the milieu of "Beyond the Horizon," and wrote "Ah, Wilderness," and the Theatre Guild was in need of an actor who understood America the management telephoned Cohan. To see Cohan as Nat Miller was as noteworthy an event as being present at Henry Irving's Shylock or Forbes Robertson's Hamlet. He was superb—every inch a middle-class American. His genius as an actor was no longer questioned by anybody. But habit persists and the obituaries and editorials described him as the "song and dance man."

It is too soon to evaluate Cohan's position in the history of the American theatre, but when that time comes he will find himself among our greatest dramatists, song writers, and actors, if not at the very top. In the meanwhile the reading public will find Mr. Morehouse's first biography of this most versatile American genius enjoyable and informative.

Bolivar "Plowed the Sea"

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIMON BOLIVAR. By Hendrik Willem van Loon. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1943 146 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by C. A. HUTCHINSON

MR. VAN LOON is not an expert on the history of South America. He admits, indeed, that until he wrote this little book, his ignorance on the subject was "abysmal." Those who regret misinterpretations and omissions of pertinent facts will view parts of this volume with dismay, but there is no good reason why those who wish to learn something about Simon Bolivar should not settle down and enjoy what is a very readable and informative work. Mr. van Loon traces in his pleasant prose the life and times of the Venezuelan patriot who has become one of the world's great men. Freedom from oppression and tyranny were in the air in 1810 as they are today, and it was in that year that the young Simon Bolivar returned to his country from Europe in the company of the Venezuelan revolutionary Francisco Miranda. For the next twenty years, until his death in 1830, Bolivar was to labor for the independence and strength of what are now called the Bolivarian countries of Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia (named after him). His life was filled with excitement and dash and more than his share of disappointments. He is reported to have remarked bitterly that he had "plowed the sea."

Mr. van Loon presents his hero with appropriate explanations of the times in which he lived. He has written a thoroughly interesting little book which makes up in readability for what it lacks in accuracy. The illustrations by the author are up to his usual high standard.

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—*Drawing by Janina Konarska from the book.*

Fables of a Foreign World

TALES OF THE TATRAS. By Kazimierz P. Tetmajer. Translated from the Polish by H. E. Kennedy and Zofia Uminska. Foreword by Carl Carmer. Drawings by Janina Konarska. New York: Roy, Publishers. 1943. 247 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by F. C. WEISKOPF

I STILL remember very vividly the feeling of delight mixed with awe which I experienced as a boy while listening to old Marina, a Slovak maid in the house of an uncle. Marina came from a tiny village in the Tatra, the high Alpine part of the Carpathian Mountains. She knew countless stories about the woods and waters, the animals and ghosts and men of the Tatra valleys. The woods and waters were not just ordinary woods and waters; they harbored good and bad charms. Among the animals were werewolves and enchanted bears. Among the women were disguised witches and among the men were master shepherds playing the flute so wonderfully that never a sheep would go lost, and noble brigands who robbed the rich and gave to the poor. There was always a bitter-sweet flavor in Marina's tales, the perfume of the backwoods with their atmosphere of primitive life, savage struggle for existence, natural poetry, and deep-rooted love for freedom.

Marina's stories with all their fragrance, with the remembrance of that mixed feeling of delight and awe came back to me when I read the "Tales of the Tatras"—a small but weighty selection from Kazimierz P. Tetmajer's famous six-volume work "On the Rocky Podhale" (Podhale is the region on the Northern, Polish, slope of the Carpathian Range). Here is the whole richness of Carpathian folk lore: a yarn about Jasiek the music-man who "knew how to make up songs as none could make;" and another about old Jacob Zych looking a last time on the snow covered peaks and red fir forests and saying: "The bear sleeps, 'tis time for me too. Fare ye well, ye crags and pastures!"; and still another one about Kojtek Chronietz, the robber, who killed his sweetheart Kasia and her lover Walencak while the fiddlers had to continue playing dance music. And here is the story of the savage shepherd Bronislaw Luptowski whom the people used to call the charcoalburner because of his black face, and whose strength was so great that he could break in his hand two horseshoes at once like aspen rods. And, of course, here's also a story about a giant bear, and one about the winter maidens dancing on the mountain meadows and blinding the man who dares to look at them, or breaking at least his leg so that he never goes up again into the mountains.

Kazimierz Tetmajer was a very skilled literary craftsman but in his stories he preserved all the simplicity and naivete of the folk tales.

The translators and illustrators have done an excellent job; through their efforts, the American readers are getting all that a translation and illustration can possibly convey of a foreign world and its beauty.

Gospel Story

THE ONE STORY. THE LIFE OF CHRIST. By Manuel Komroff. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 223 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

THERE are some cherished modern biographies of Christ, useful because of the light they throw on the environment in which the Gospel story was lived, and not infrequently also beautiful for reasons of style or idealism. Some years ago, there was Papini, issued with a blare of trumpets; and long before that there was Renan, wrestling with a *crise de foi*. But who has not felt that there can be no substitute for the Gospel itself? Even Bach never managed to say all the things that are in Matthew's account of the Passion. It is not merely that the four narratives were born of reverence and faith. They came right out of the pastoral age in which Nazareth and Jerusalem had their day, but there is much of the grace and courtesy of the Greco-Roman world about them, too. At any rate Mr. Komroff, holding that the world of the present day "would surely be much darker without the faith and courage" enshrined in the Gospel story, believes also that all other accounts of it "are with little foundation, prompted by supposition, inference or fancy." He has therefore arranged the texts of the four Evangelists to produce a consecutive narrative.

One may find Mr. Komroff's verdict a little too harsh. One may likewise note that attempts similar to his have not infrequently been made before. The fact still remains that Mr. Komroff does achieve a surprising measure of unity. Thus in a single chapter, he quotes Matthew and Mark, and it will be a very well-informed reader who can tell where one author ends and the other begins. The smooth excellence of the King James Version is, of course, a great advantage. Mr. Komroff's arrangement of the material is also remarkably good, and the reader will be grateful in particular for the sequence in which the Parables are related. No event of significance has been omitted, and none of the hard paradoxes of the Savior are glossed over. Of course some sayings did not fit into Mr. Komroff's arrangement, and he will find captious readers who object. But on the whole it is an admirable achievement. Since the difficulty of disparate versions cannot be overcome, Mr. Komroff might well consider using the Douai text in a companion volume. The format and the printing are attractive.

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The Excitement of the Mind

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF JUNG. By Jolan Jacobi. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1943. *pp.* 166 $2.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

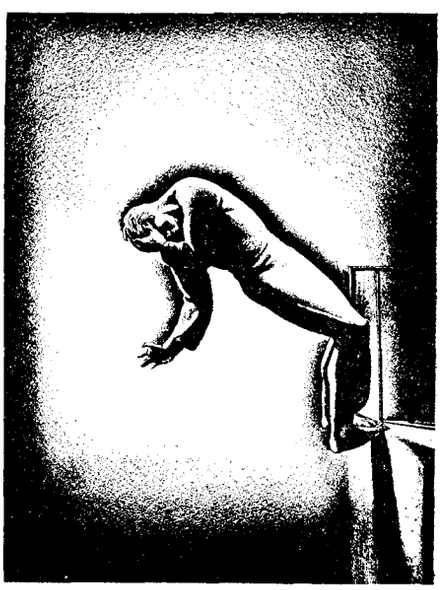
THE attempt to give an account of this work in a few hundred words is an act of such desperate courage as to destroy forever any reputation for timidity that the reviewer may previously have acquired. There is no region of thought where controversy is more embittered or where more radically opposed conclusions have been drawn from fundamentally similar premises. The atmosphere of the unknown country is dangerous and full of tomahawks and poisoned arrows. And even those who have been there before venture into the wilderness at their peril.

The book is a well organized and highly coherent summary of the work of Carl Gustav Jung from 1902 to the present hour. That work, whatever be thought of it, is gigantic. Dr. Jacobi lists 105 publications ranging from mere articles to fat volumes. Of these, thirty-five have been translated into English. Even a specialist will have some difficulty keeping up with the periodical flooding of this Nile or Orinoco of observation and theory. And Dr. Jacobi has made an able attempt to show what it adds up to. Probably she has given as good a *conte rendu* as is possible at this writing. But the reviewer is in agreement with a lady who said of the book that it would help those familiar with the subject to find their bearings but would not be of much service to those who come fresh to the most complicated subject in the world.

This, of course, is not Dr. Jacobi's fault nor it is Jung's. It is beyond human powers at once to remove preconceptions that are so deeply ingrained. Aristotle had become second nature and had to be expelled with a fork before men got round to some vague comprehension of Newton's laws. Our psychological preconceptions are of a similar order. And Jung's way of tackling the structure and activitiy of the psyche is so difficult for some minds to follow that the charge of mysticism is constantly brought against him. Men are naturally irritated when they lose the thread of Ariadne in a labyrinth prolific of Minotaurs.

That caveat entered, it is proper, in the old phrase, to summarize the summary. The book naturally falls into three parts. The first is concerned with the structure and function of the psyche, which for Jung consists of the Conscious and Unconscious, the latter being divided into the Personal Unconscious and the Collective Unconscious, or "the Unconscious appropriate to Smith because he is Smith and the Unconscious appropriate to Smith because he is human and masculine." Jung believes firmly that the history of the individual is the history of the race. And I see no reason why what we believe to be true in embryology should not be true in psychology. There are other elements which he discriminates, the ego and the self, which are not the same thing in his sight, the persona, or the outward mask of the personality toward the outer world, and the anima, which is the corresponding interior entity related to the inner world, the Shadow, and the Unconscious. The psyche works in four ways according to the type of function, thinking, feeling, intuition, or sensation, which may be prevailingly uppermost in the individual, and in one of two directions, according as psychic energy flows inward or outward. In such a brief statement inaccuracy may no doubt have crept in. And in any case to many Greeks this will all be hypothesis, meaning foolishness, because it doesn't jibe with their hypothesis, concerning which last I refrain from comment.

The second section, "The Laws of the Psychologic Processes," is very short and so pregnant that the reviewer despairs of abstracting it. Briefly and badly put the gist is a sort of psychological Newton's third law with Hegelian variations. The stream of psychological energy is like a curving river. If it cuts a deep channel near one bank there will be shoal water on the other. If one function is exaggerated the others will be dwarfed. If the persona takes too much energy the self will suffer. If the anima takes charge the less said the better. Between opposed evils the only hope is a satisfactory resultant.



—From the drawing by Rockwell Kent
"Nightmare"

Accordingly, the third section goes on to the practical application of the theory for therapeutic purposes and for the positive enrichment of existence. And this part again, having been distilled already, is difficult to boil down. What it amounts to is a description of getting satisfactory resultants from the differing potentials in the set-up, from the clash of opposites. Into the so-called "process of individuation," which gets the individual into harmony with the outer world and what has been called "the inner environment," the reviewer hesitates to go for two reasons. He lacks space and wisdom. But any one who reads this section with appropriate care will find matter to stir up his intellectuals, if any.

The book is hard reading, and competent rather than inspired. But it will be a long time before a better job is done on the subject. With the limitations noted, the reviewer knows of no better exegesis of the work of one of the four or five most exciting living minds. This much may be said of Carl Gustav Jung, that if, as some hope and I do not expect, his hypotheses are exploded or superseded, then his very errors will have taught his aftercomers. To use a hateful seven-dollar-and-a-half word, whatever he has written has heuristic importance. In one way or another, by guess or by God, he brings it to pass that things get found out.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 27

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 27 will be found in the next issue.

ARXGR KDRFA QWFXU TZWHA

DOGSZRZQ KDWRC, TWXA

EVRA JZRHHSZ: KWXISQA

NWDOTRQ JOANSA.—CZOA

CZOXUDS.—QFDSGOTS

KZQHGWUZRV.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 26

TORMENTS OF MARTYRDOMS ARE PROBABLY MOST KEENLY FELT BY THE BYSTANDERS.—EMERSON—COURAGE.

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The Face of the War

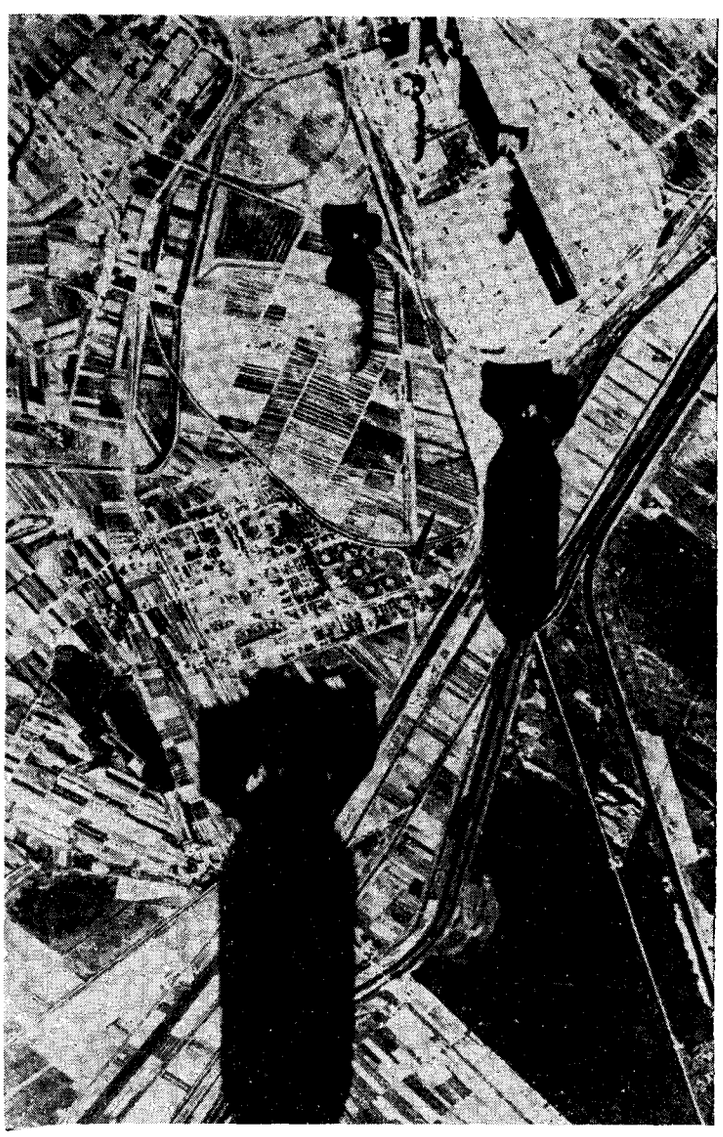
THE U.S.A. AT WAR, U. S. Camera Annual 1944. Photographs Selected by Commander Edward Steichen, U.S.N.R. Edited by Tom Maloney. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1943. 271 *pp.* $4.50.

AFTER NINE YEARS, the "U.S. Camera Annual" has won a reputation as the finest anthology of its kind published in this country. Perhaps even more important than the care and judgment going into the selections is the technique of cropping, highlighting, and captioning. Each page is a separate and complete entity, telling a story of its own. The "Annual" reaches a high mark with its new issue—"The U.S.A. at War," a hard-hitting, memorable collection of the finest photographs of the year. Most of the material is on the war—news and action shots of the American military machine on all fronts and in all dimensions. But there are also home front shots—stirring, sometimes shocking, pages on Americana, as, for example, the pictures on the Detroit riots. Pictures such as these may turn your stomach but they will also open your eyes. All in all, this book can and should serve as an important record of America and her people in one of the crisis years of her history. And over and above its reading and reference appeal is its value as visual nostalgia in the years to come. The photographs on these two pages constitute a modest sampling from the book.

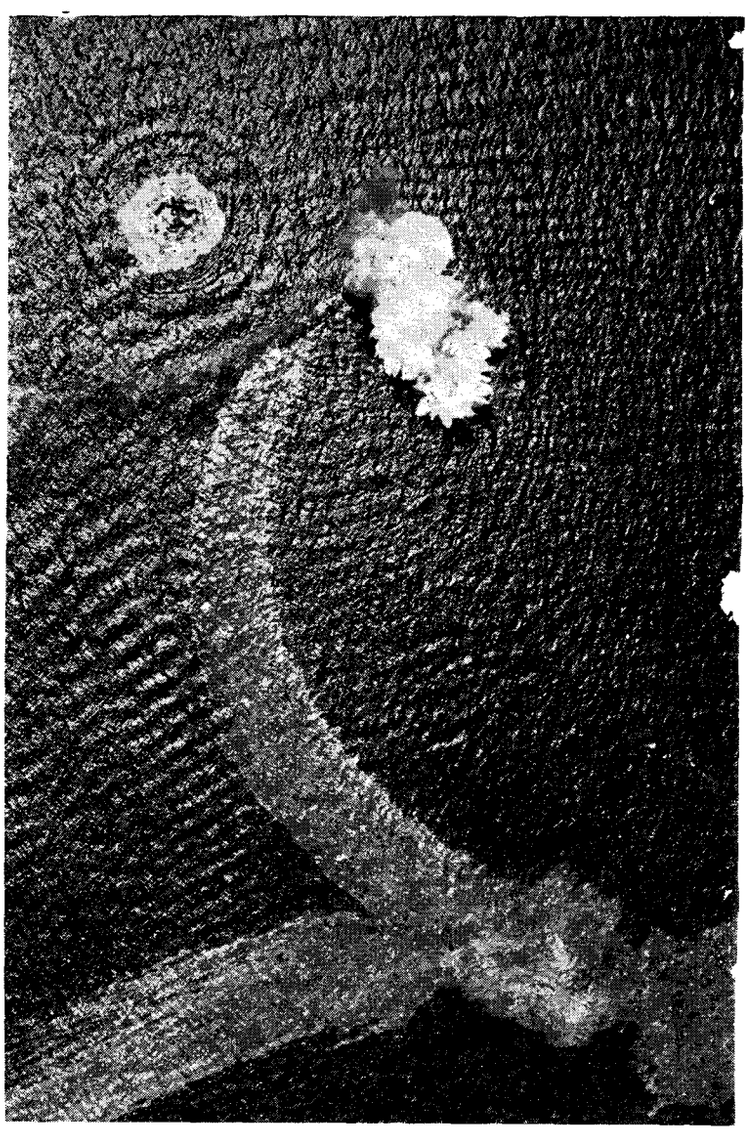
—Dorothea Lange, WRA.

Oath of Allegiance. **An American schoolyard at the opening of the day's session. A Japanese-American child leads her fifth grade classmates in a salute to the flag.**

Big Stick. **American Flying Fortresses went over Leghorn and released their 500-pound bombs over an important oil refinery. This particular stick of bombs, sent downward with pin-point accuracy, was made possible by the famed Norden bombsight. Flying at the rate of 200 miles an hour or more, the bombardier has only about 30 seconds in which to release his big stick.** *—U. S. Army Air Forces Photo.*



Oil Slick on Water from Sunk Jap Cruiser—Battle of Bismarck Sea. **Around the middle of March, 1942, the Battle of Bismarck Sea headlined the news as the most decisive victory yet won by land-based airpower over seapower. Beginning the first of March, the encounter lasted five days. With losses of only four planes, Allied airpower sank 22 Jap ships and destroyed 95 fighter planes.** *—Army Air Corps Photo.*



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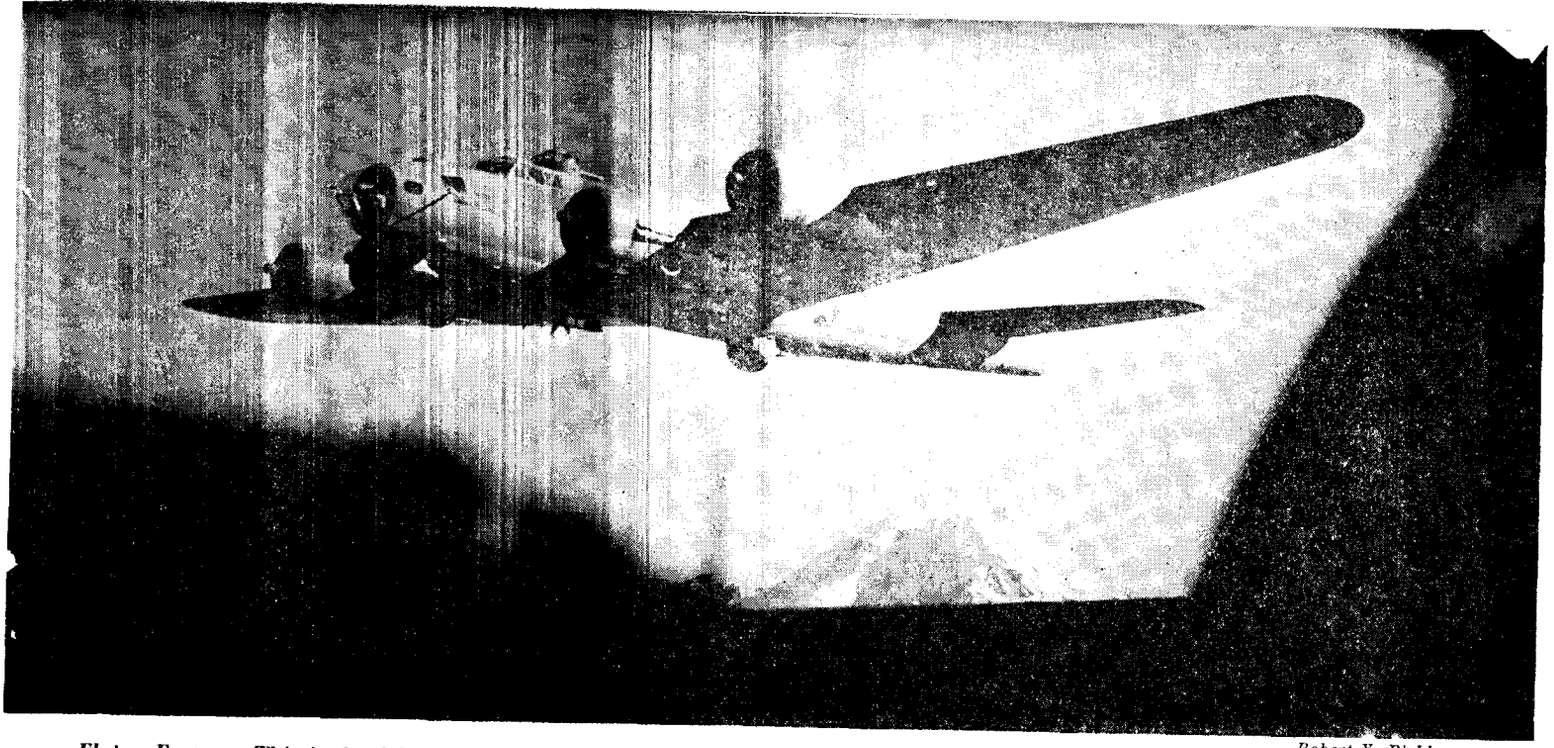
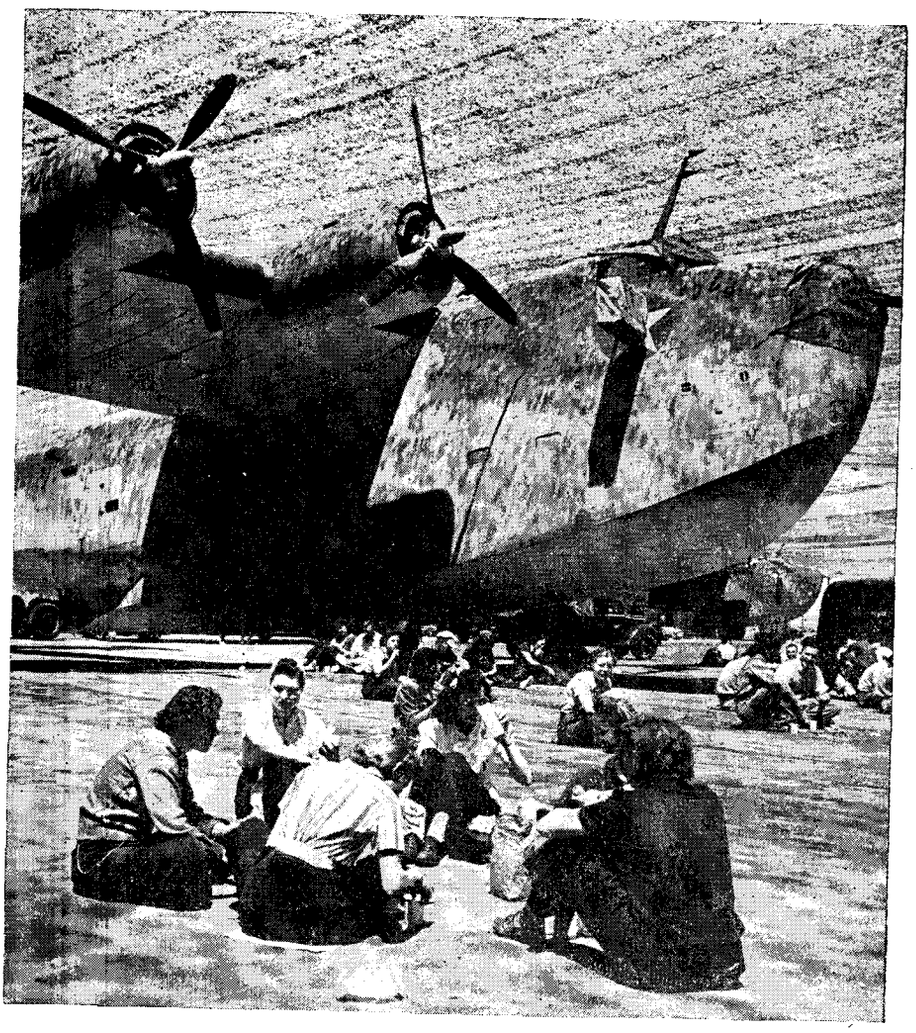


—*Robert Y. Richie.*

Flying Fortress. **This is the fabulous battleship of the air that entered the war a dubious and often criticized bomber. But from the first action onward it performed so incredibly well that it soon became the most feared and envied warship in the air. With a bomb capacity of 10 tons, with amazing maneuverability and defensive firepower, it represents 32 tons of deadly fighting mechanism. Over Western Europe, Africa, the Mediterranean, the South Pacific, Flying Fortresses have been the spearhead of our Armed Forces. The Fortress has become the symbol of American power and fighting efficiency.**

—*U. S. Navy Photo.*

Avengers. **These Navy torpedo bombers, each one seven tons of armored dynamite, are well-named "Avengers." They swoop in at point-blank range.**



—*U. S. Navy Photo.*

Camouflage—Home Front. **Industrial camouflage is an important part of the usage to which protective concealment may be put. The girls shown here are having luncheon at the Lockheed plane factory—under a protective netting which cleverly conceals the factory from prying eyes—especially the eyes of an aerial camera.**

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Who Owns Your Letters?

The Paper Belongs to You but Not the Message

MELVILLE CANE

NO matter how unsentimental we may think we are, or how interested in worldly good, almost every one of us treasures and preserves through the years a few precious articles with a personal meaning, a near-silver medal won at school, a tin-type of one's first sweetheart, a keepsake from a parent. And, most highly prized of all, letters.

Perhaps some of these letters are from persons of importance or prominence, possibly dating the pre-fame of the senders. Let us suppose you have decided, for one reason or another, to dispose of these letters. The big question, however, is: what have you got that's salable?

Take the case of Reginald Roe, who with ardor exceeding prudence, takes pen in hand and sets down in language warm and/or daffy his devotion to Pansy Doe. It's the popular belief that Pansy, if it suits her mood, can sell Reginald's letters to a yellow journal and cash in on their publication. In fact the threat of exposing a former suitor's emotional imbecilities is an old, common, and lucrative source of blackmail.

But if Reggie is well advised, he'll call the bluff, hire a lawyer, and get an injunction against the threatened circulation of his love letters.

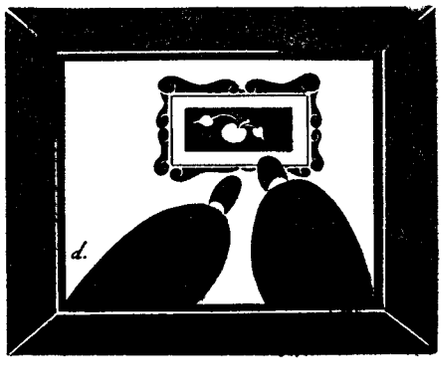
Not only in the sordid case of Reggie versus Pansy, but in most instances of correspondence, the courts have held for over two hundred years that ownership of letters consists of two separate rights, the right to the physical manuscript and the right of publication. The former belongs to the recipient or addressee, the latter is reserved to the writer.

The same rules apply, regardless of whether the communication be weighty or trivial, artistic or news of the family, confidential or repeatable. The many attempts to modify the basic rules by making distinctions along the foregoing lines have been rejected by judges.

Strange as it may seem, even publishers and their attorneys have been known to suffer through ignorance of the well-established legal doctrine. A striking instance of such unawareness is reported by Mr. George H. Doran in his colorful memoirs, published a few years ago under the title, "Chronicles of Barabbas." With candor unusual in a person guilty of a howler the publisher tells the story on himself. It concerns his purchase of an intimate series of letters written by Woodrow Wilson to a friend, Mrs. Peck.

I was convinced, Mr. Doran reports in his "Chronicles of Barabbas," of the authenticity and real quality of these letters and was eager to publish them, just as I would eagerly publish the letters of any great man. I submitted the manuscript to my legal counsel and was told that I was quite within legal rights in concluding a contract and proceeding with publication. The contract was drawn. The sum involved was quite a substantial amount and I agreed to pay $10,000 on the signing of the agreement. We were to have custody of the original letters for a period of two years following the publication of the book. Everything seemed to be in order, the money was paid, and we had in our possession the working manuscript and the letters themselves.

Then fell the blow. One morning very early my attorney called on the telephone at my home and said he must see me at the earliest possible moment. We met at his office at nine that morning. There he showed me a citation from an old English law dating back to the seventeen-hundreds but which by usage and practice had become, as so many other laws had become, an integral part of American jurisprudence. Briefly, the citation was to the effect that, while the actual piece of paper containing a message was the property of the recipient, the thought contained in the message remained for ever the property of its writer or his heirs. Consequently we had no moral right to print these letters without the consent of their writer and obviously such consent was impossible. Here was a serious predicament, for we were under contract to publish. However, after much negotiation the contract was cancelled by our forfeiting the $10,000 paid on account of the contract. A sad and expensive lesson in law, for it did appear most strange to me that the possessor of letters had no property rights in their contents. Probably I should have known this years before, but the question had never arisen in my experience and my legal counsel, an eminent attorney, had no greater knowledge than I.



Curious, indeed, that this was the first time the question had arisen, since, on a smaller scale, any submitted manuscript which includes even a single letter should be notice of possible trouble to a publisher, unless he first receives leave to print from the writer of the letter.

PERHAPS the earliest case of this sort involved Alexander Pope, the poet, who sued to prevent one Curl, a bookseller, from circulating a volume containing some of his letters. It was argued, in the year 1741, in the English Court of Chancery. Curl contended that when a man writes a letter it is in the nature of a gift to the receiver. But Hardwicke, the Lord Chancellor, disagreed, laying down the groundwork for the law as it exists to this day not only in England but in the United States.

"I am of the opinion," he announced, "that it is only a special property in the receiver, possibly the property of the paper may belong to him; but this does not give a license to any person whatsoever to publish them to the world, for at most the receiver has only a joint property with the writer."

Curl further urged that since the letters were "on familiar subjects and inquiries after the health of friends," they could not properly be called a learned work.

This contention stirred Hardwicke to a piece of literary criticism: "It is certain that no works have done more service to mankind than those which have appeared on familiar subjects, and which perhaps were never intended to be published; and it is this that makes them so valuable; for I must confess, for my own part, that letters which are very elaborately written, and originally intended for the press, are generally the most insignificant and very little worth any person's reading."

A generation later came the celebrated case of Sir Charles Thompson, executor of Lord Chesterfield, against the widow of Chesterfield's son. It dealt with the famous correspondence from father to son, especially on the subjects of education and proper personal behavior. In preventing their use the court extended the ruling of Lord Hardwicke by holding that publishing rights belonged not only to the

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original writer, but on his death, to his estate.

In 1804 the children of the poet Burns were equally successful.

A new theory on which to escape the decisions was presented to the English Chancery Court in 1818. A Mrs. Gee had written many letters of affection to William Pritchard, the bastard son of her late husband. It seems that later Mrs. Gee, finding that Pritchard has been unworthy of her sentiments, publicly repudiated him—and them. Pritchard then set out to publish these early letters, claiming the right and need to vindicate his reputation. But the court held against him and in favor of Mrs. Gee.

The same plea, but with a different twist, and with the same result, was advanced in 1884 in another noteworthy litigation. Bulwer-Lytton, the elder, during a marriage terminating in divorce back in 1836, had corresponded happily with his then wife. After his death, his son wrote his biography, in the course of which he dealt with the marriage. A Miss Devey, as executrix of Lady Lytton's estate, claiming that the biography ascribed to her friend harsh and unfeminine conduct, attempted to publish the early letters from husband to wife in order to correct the son's picture. While the court conceived of a situation where the need of making such defense might let down the bars, it declared there was no reason for the exception in the case presented. So the younger Lytton prevailed in keeping his father's letters from the public eye.

ANOTHER literary case centered around the painter Whistler, whose estate brought an equity suit against Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Although creating great public furor, it ended in something of an anti-climax. The Pennells had been authorized by Whistler, it appeared, to write his life. In the course of their labors they naturally had had access to Whistler's correspondence with various persons. It was this correspondence that Whistler's executor wished to keep out of the biography. The Pennells disclaimed any intention of printing it. They insisted, however, and the court was inclined to agree, that they had the right to consider the material and to make fair use of it, incidental to the portrayal of their subject.

The courts of this country have been fairly consistent in following the English doctrine of divided ownership. The earliest American case seems to have been decided by a Louisiana Court in 1811, where a single unimportant letter was involved. A great Justice Story, in the historic case of Folsom against Marsh, adhered to the English precedents. That case dealt with a mass of letters by George Washington which had appeared in Jared Sparks's "Life," and which a rival publication sought to utilize. It was Story who termed the use of letters by the recipient:

> One of the most odious breaches of private confidence, of social duty, and of honorable feelings which can well be imagined. It strikes at the root of that free interchange of advice, opinions, and sentiments, which seems essential to the well-being of society, and may involve whole families in great distress from the public display of facts and circumstances which were reposed in the bosom of others, in the fullest and most affecting confidence that they should forever remain inviolable secrets.

Few cases of prominence have appeared in the courts of this country. In fact, it was not until 1912 that the question arose in Massachusetts. The case, which was brought by the executors of the estate of Mary Baker G. Eddy, caused Chief Justice Rugg to hand down an opinion covering the history of the doctrine from the earliest days, restating it, and reconciling possible conflicts in exceptional decisions. The opinion of Justice Rugg is comprehensive and probably represents more completely than any other the present state of American law on the subject. The suit was for an injunction against the use of a number of letters, written by Mrs. Eddy to a female cousin just after the first publication of "Science and Health" in 1875. The defendants, a firm of auctioneers, were advertising these letters and other manuscripts in their catalogue, in which some of the letters had already appeared. They claimed that the letters, dealing merely with business and family affairs, were free for anyone to publish, since they had no literary quality. The court, however, unanimously granted the injunction, at the same time adverting to the nature of the rights involved and the reasons for the historic judicial view. In protecting the privacy of the writer, the court quoted Lord Campbell, who had said in a similar case:

> That is a recognition of property in the writer, although he has parted with the manuscript; since he wrote to enable his correspondent to know his sentiments, not to give them to the world.

THE Massachusetts court further approved of the statements by a New York court and by Justice Story that it mattered not whether the letters were literary compositions, familiar letters, or those dealing with business; that it wasn't for the court to assume the role of literary critic and pass on the worth of a letter as a piece of art.

Justice Rugg continued:

> The same conclusion is reached on principle and apart from authority. It is generally recognized that one has a right to the fruits of his labor. This is equally true, whether the work be muscular or mental or both combined. . . . The labor of composing letters for private and familiar correspondence may be trifling, or it may be severe, but it is none the less the result of an expenditure of thought and time. The market-value of such an effort may be measured by the opinions of others, but the fact of property is not created thereby. A canvas upon which an obscure or unskilful painter has toiled does not cease to be property because by conventional standards it is valueless as a work of art. Few products of the intellectual reveal individual characteristics more surely than familiar correspondence, entries in diaries, or other unambitious writings.

The conclusions thus reached are not based primarily on copyright statutes but on common-law rights of literary property. The net result of the various decisions may be summarized as follows:

The recipient of a letter owns the material paper; this he may sell, as any other article, or he may destroy it or keep it. The right of publication, however, remains in the sender and on his death passes to his estate or heirs. To the foregoing rules there are a few minor exceptions which need not concern us here. It is enough for us to understand in general the curious two-fold aspect of epistolary ownership.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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PRIMING EDUCATION FOR THE JOB AHEAD

IT could be said today, with close approximation to truth, that in the midst of war we are in peace. For post-war planning has taken on so official a character, and in some of its aspects is approaching so close to concrete problems, that though no exact diagram for the future is as yet a possibility, nevertheless the signposts for tomorrow already point in various directions.

Perhaps nowhere more than in the field of education are there auguries of change to come. Military training, with its speed-up and intensification of study; the war, with its spectacular evidence to the resourcefulness, adaptability, and ingenuity of American youth; science, through the amplification and application of recent discoveries opening up new fields of technical opportunity, have pretty well persuaded the public mind that after the struggle is over there will have to be a stock-taking of present educational methods and radical departure in many ways from hitherto accepted practice and theory. Already our young people are at unease in Zion. Those still in our schools and colleges, too young to bear arms but old enough to be vitally interested in the titanesque rending of the world they have known, chafe under a mental discipline which in many ways they feel has become outmoded. On the one hand they have been made keenly aware through the priorities of military organization of the advantages that accrue to the man of education; on the other they have come to distrust the education that is being dispensed to them as cluttered up with antiquated shibboleths and methods. They are accustomed to assuming a sceptical and questioning attitude, for they were born into a world which had lost its complacency and grew up in a period of stress and strain which was bitterly taking stock of its own mistakes. These young people who are the heirs of war and false prosperity and depression are indeed in a peculiar position, for, the inheritors of the disaster of one conflict and its postlude, they are at the same time participants in the aroused idealism of another.

Here they are, the most malleable, the most impressionable stuff in the world, about to be thrown with their elder brothers and sisters who have known at first hand the scarifying experience of war into the chaos of affairs which will be largely dependent for their ordering on the wisdom and knowledge with which the young approach them. For it is they who in the long run will have to shape the new world. What are we going to do about them, these boys and girls in the service or shortly to enter into it?

Well, for one thing, if the President's message of October 27 to Congress is of any avail, to "make it financially feasible for every man and woman who has served honorably for a minimum period in the armed force since September 16, 1940, to spend up to one calendar year in a school, college, a technical institution, or in actual training in industry, so that he can further his education, learn a trade, or acquire the necessary knowledge and skill for farming, commerce, manufacturing, or other pursuits." And for another, "make it financially possible for a limited number of ex-service men and women selected for their special aptitudes, to carry on their general, technical, or professional education for a further period of one, two, or three years." This is a noble project, pregnant with enormous possibilities of usefulness if it be realized that by the time the conflict is over millions of men will have been under arms and that each man who adds stature to his own capabilities by so much raises the level of the entire community. It is a project which should arouse the liveliest interest in the public mind and which it is none too soon to begin to discuss in its every aspect.

For to develop such a project to its fullest good will be no easy matter. It still remains true that learning is a slow process, and that for the many what the extended period of schooling will give will be a mere veneer on illiteracy, or ignorance, or scanty knowledge. But it will have the enormous advantage of being addressed to minds matured by experience, to skills developed by stringent circumstances, to a receptivity fertilized by knowledge of a horror which must by all means be prevented from recurrence.

In the holocaust of war boys have been forged into men. It is inconceivable that the kind of education they return to can be a mere continuation of what they left. These are men who have been faced with primal things and have had time to think, who, confronted with death, have doubtless tried to measure life, and who will return to the ways of peace still fired by the heroic effort they have made. But they will return infinitely weary, too, ready to slip into lassitude if the home front is lax. Now before they come back is the time for educators and laymen interested in education to take counsel as to what can be done to stimulate and uphold them, to turn their receptivity into eagerness, to indoctrinate them in techniques and methods and ideals which will bind them together for a world of internationalism and peace. It must be done or a super-legion of some sort will indoctrinate them in pressure politics for sectional ends or factional disputes. It must be done if we are to have a united nation and a sane world. It must be done, and public discussion as to how cannot begin too soon. A. L.

Boy Rescued from a Rubber Raft

By Virginia Sorensen

WE were a people notably precise,
And always traveled with a balanced load,
Inquired the condition of the road,
Knew in advance the day was bad or nice.
We were a people notably precise,
We always planned with care the smallest hop.
At places where we were obliged to stop
We knew the accommodations and the price.

Precision is still somewhere, cool as ice:
"Be sure to send a map" (that's what they said)
"Be sure to mark just where you are, in red."
We were a people notably precise.
How will they come to know, how understand?
What swinging sea is this, oh God, what land?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Thesaurus of the Arts"

SIR: Such is my satisfaction over the review written by Paul Henry Lang of Albert E. Wier's "Thesaurus of the Arts" [*SRL,* Nov. 20] and your editorial on the publishing policy that still seeks to capitalize upon the gullibility of an all-too-uncritical public in such matters, that I must ask the privilege of allowing myself to express it to you. Dr. Lang's review seems to me to have taken care of the book itself with devastating completeness and unimpeachable urbanity; your editorial comment on the publisher's betrayal of a public trust in continuing to promote it in the light of such justifiable criticism I find equally praiseworthy.

Allow me in conclusion to thank you for a pleasurable and genuinely elevating experience in finding such shrewd and effective exposure of the cheap and vulgar exploitation of the arts that this book represents.

DAVID M. ROBB.
Associate Professor and Chairman, Department of Art History, Univ. of Pennsylvania.

SIR: Permit me to express my gratitude for Paul Henry Lang's review of Albert E. Wier's "Thesaurus of the Arts." Also, my appreciation of the editorial, entitled "In the Public Interest [*SRL,* Dec. 11]. Specifically I was about to order a copy of Mr. Wier's book, when I read Mr. Lang's review with considerable gratitude and did not buy it.

I am dependent upon honest book reviews since for the past three years I have been located in army posts at some distance from a library, so that any book I want to read I have to order.

GEORGE H. BOYER.
Maj., Ord. Dept., U. S. Army.
Anniston, Ala.

SIR: Warmest thanks to you and reviewer John Paul Lang for the criticism of Albert E. Wier's "Thesaurus of the Arts." I have not seen this evident travesty of an encyclopedia, but I have reviewed previous tomes by the gentleman and I can imagine how Professor Lang feels. It is an outrage that reputable firms dare to dish up that kind of stuff with solemn assurance of its value. As Dr. Lang observes, the sad part is that libraries are bewitched by the names of a famous publishing firm and put the junk on the shelf, and the public finding it on the reference shelf take it on its face value.

BRUNO DAVID USSHER.
California.

The Nazi Teacher

SIR: Great, resounding hurrahs for N.C.'s fighting editorial, "The Nazi Teacher After the War." That is the sort of thing we want to hear! It is good to know there are people left capable of penetrating the thin, sloppy thinking of the fanatical abstract artists and fair reality. It is not that I am out for bloody revenge, but I have seen what Germany and German philosophy—particularly the new Nazi "education"—have done to people—not only foreign people but my own people. This war started over ideologies, is now being fought over ideologies—and if we are not fighting to restore the ideology of democracy in the warped minds of now crushed peoples and to keep our own culture alive, what in hell are we fighting for? The part education is playing in this damnable war and the part it will play in the postwar world toward furthering the cause of lasting peace cannot be overestimated. Keep up the good work, *SRL!*

CPL. RAY ELLSWORTH.
Somewhere in Italy.

"Oh, it's the usual plot: girl meets boy, girl loses boy, girl gets boy."

The Incurable Controversy

SIR: Is one being superior in saying, of the "Incurable" controversy, that neither history nor psychiatry is capable of dealing with it save in the clumsiest manner? History is a brave but impossible science; while as for Psychiatry, no one that knows its crudeness and cruelty but would prefer, say, astrology, which is harmless and at least links us with the stars.

What then? I don't know. But there's always Shakespeare. Reread "Macbeth," and see how his creator fore-knew Hitler. "We but teach bloody instructions, which, being taught, return to plague the inventor."

Under the weight of bemadding and irresolvable erudition, the poet alone is not sunk, for he wears his learning with a difference.

RAYMOND COURT.
Fayetteville, N. Y.

SIR: I do not think that there should be an open forum for those who like the Nazis (how I wish I could write *Nazis* as Prime Minister Churchill can pronounce it!) would destroy all forums if once they got in control.

In times like these, when we have been waging a war against the most brutal nation this world has ever seen, I do not think it is fitting that a publication like *The Saturday Review of Literature* should yield its space to those who are so obviously in sympathy with that nation, although they retain residence, and presumably citizenship, in our country.

R. W. PENCE.
Greencastle, Ind.

SIR: May I express the hope that S.R.L. keep the "Germany—Curable or Incurable" controversy boiling in the "Letters to the Editor" column at least a few more weeks. It strikes me as an important subject and one that obviously has stirred up considerable interest.

RONALD P. HOBBS.
New York, N. Y.

SIR: Ode II on the same subject,

The Brickner thesis, one can see
Without undue clairvoyance,
For some is sound psychology,
For others parannoyance.

MELVILLE CANE.
New York.

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TRADE Winds

"THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE"

From Dr. Harry Taylor, of Portland, Oregon:

A man entered a drugstore one bright Sunday morning recently, and asked for change of a dime. "Here you are," said the druggist pleasantly, "two nickels—and I hope you enjoy the sermon."

From Dr. A. T. Holbrook, of Milwaukee:

The class of Harvard, '92, includes Tom Lamont, John Corbin, Bill Dana Orcutt, and many more I am sure you know. Commencement Day at the Fiftieth Reunion of the class was blistering hot, but a number of faculty members trudged over to pay their respects at the reunion luncheon served in a large tent near Phillips Brooks House.

One class member, now a well-known Middle-Western physician, was delighted to see his favorite old professor, Dr. M., now over ninety-five years of age, leaning against a large tent pole eating from a plate of ice-cream. He greeted the professor and said: "Come over to the chairs and sit down for a little chat." He was somewhat rebuffed by a pesky reply: "I don't want to sit down. I'll stand here." "Now look here," said our friend, "When I was in college you bossed me around; today it is my turn and you have to do as I say. I have practised medicine for forty-five years and I know on a hot, depressing day like this you ought to sit down." "Well, you're not so smart as you think you are," replied his thoroughly aroused teacher, "I can't sit down. I got a boil!"

From Cecil Brown:

I thought you might be amused by the story of the Iowa farmer who was asked why he hitched up his bull to a plow. He answered, "The war's been going on almost two years. Every day I get more forms from the OPA to fill out. I just want to show this damned bull that farming isn't all fun!"

From Maggie O'Flaherty, of Chicago:

Dr. Hugh Hampton Young, eminent surgeon, attended the unveiling of a bust of himself at the University of Virginia. After the ceremony, a fluttery Southern belle came up to him and remarked: "Doctah, ah hope you appreciate that ah've come fifty miles in a station wagon to see your bust unveiled." The gallant doctor replied: "Madame, I would glady return the compliment."

From Bellows and Company, New York:

On the back cover of Stanley Clisby Arthur's little book, "Famous New Orleans Drinks and How to Mix Them," we found the appended verse. We wrote to Mr. Arthur to find out the name of the author, and where the verse appeared first, but he doesn't know. Can any of your readers supply the information?

LONGEVITY

The horse and mule live thirty years
And nothing know of wines and beers;
The goat and sheep at twenty die
And never taste of Scotch or Rye;
The cow drinks water by the ton
And at eighteen is mostly done;
The dog at fifteen cashes in
Without the aid of rum or gin;
The cat in milk and water soaks
And then in twelve short years it croaks;
The modest, sober, bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at ten.
All animals are strictly dry;
They sinless live and swiftly die.
But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men
Survive for three-score years and ten. . . .

From Harry Ruby:

While I was sick, I read a lot of very good books. Take Walter Pater's "Giggles, Gags and Quips," for instance. This was really a greater book than "Marius the Epicurean," but it missed the front page reviews because it came out the same day as Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." Carlyle accused Pater of crabbing his act, and created a furore at the Drury Lane by calling him "a Victorian Milton Berle." Pater never wrote another gag or quip as long as he lived. . . . I also read "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" and Dante's "Inferno." The principal difference between these books is that Dante never lived in Brooklyn, unless he's been concealing something from me. . . .

From a letter sent to Mrs. Hendee Rice, in Hartford, by her son-in-law in Switzerland:

Yesterday E. and I hot-footed it down to the local bookshop because the manager had rung up and tipped us off that a shipment of Penguins had hit town; it really was decent of him to give us the wire, since English books are snapped up as soon as they arrive. The reason why English books find such a ready market is that the ladies of the German Legation just wallow in them. "Gott sei Dank!" they cry to each other, "There are some books fresh from London!" The bookseller assures us that the entire German Legation has a regular orgy when English or American books arrive. The reason being that Goebbels's "approved" novels just aren't readable: they deal exclusively with beautiful blonde heroines having flocks of illegitimate Aryan children "for the Führer." I've read one or two of them. They are a sort of perverted "The Best Girl at St. Ursula's" type of literature; only instead of the Best Girl being tops at hockey and basketball, she is pregnant and popular, the idol of her schoolmates and the darling of the head mistress. Her course thereafter follows a fixed pattern: she leaves the school, loaded with academic honors and Junior, and graduates to a Youth Camp (always conveniently handy to an S.S. barracks). To her comes the honor of being serviced by an ash-blond lieutenant with the soft speech of the Rhineland or (alternatively) with the crisp accent of Prussia. Hers the privilege of hoisting the Hackenkreuz flag at camp assemblies every evening. After that she never looks back: she hoists flags, hops into bed, spends a few utilitarian weeks in a maternity ward, and by the end of the book has just contacted an Air Force lieutenant, "his dauntless eyes matching his Luftwaffe uniforms." That's why the German Legation prefers to buy Anglo-Saxon novels. . . .

From Vincent Starrett:

In re the origin of "She looks as though butter would not melt in her mouth." It is a line from "The Man of the World," a comedy by the Irish actor and dramatist Charles Macklin, produced in 1766. I take this information from page 312 of "Books Alive," by Vincent Starrett, published by Random House. I think you would enjoy it. . . . (Business of a columnist blushing.). . . .

THE SRL's Double-Crostics wizard, Elizabeth Kingsley, is glorified in the December eleventh issue of *The New Yorker* (see page 62). . . . Robert McBride has contracted for the biography of a bird that actually talks. Its name is "Raffles," it belongs to Carveth Wells, and McBride calls it the "world's most famous talking mynah." Hey there, how about John L. Lewis? . . . Adine Travis, of Coward-McCann, spotted this paragraph in *The Washington Times-Herald's* review of "A Treasury of Russian Life and Humor":

One has but to read "A Treasury of Russian Life and Humor," edited by John Cournos, to see how far apart in philosophical ideas, literature, wit, humor, and fundamental character Americans and Russians are. In fact, no two peoples in the world are farther apart, and no two peoples will, in my opinion, ever remain farther apart than the fanatical, mystical, feudalistic-minded, inbitten Russians and the tolerant, wide-awake, modern-minded, extroverted Americans.

Any resemblance between the author of those lines and the Americans he describes is not visible to the naked eye. . . .

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"Of course, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus."

"THEY SENT ME TO ICELAND," written by Jane Goodell, and published by Ives Washburn, tells what happened when a bevy of Red Cross girls was dispatched to our northernmost rampart. The Army, starved for a sight of American womanhood, promptly initiated the entire contingent into the local F.B.I. In those parts, Miss Goodell reminds you, "F.B.I." stands for "Forgotten B— of Iceland." . . . The breezy literary reviews and chatter dished up weekly by Sterling North and Clip Boutell (Mamaroneck's Don Ameche) now appear in *The Washington Post,* as well as *The New York Post* and *Chicago Sun.* . . . If you ever buy theatre tickets by mail, you'll find a little book called "Stubs" worth its weight in gold. It contains a diagram of the orchestra of every New York playhouse, not to mention the Polo Grounds and the Yankee Stadium, and sells for the modest price of one dollar. Mail your checks to Leonore Tobin, 223 West 44th Street, New York. . . . Tip to the galaxy of beauties who are bemoaning the disappearance of John Gunther: he's hiding out in Atlantic City, finishing a new book which will be called "D-Day." . . . There is no truth in the report that *New Masses* is offering Lucius Beebe's "Snoot If You Must" as a premium for new subscriptions. . . .

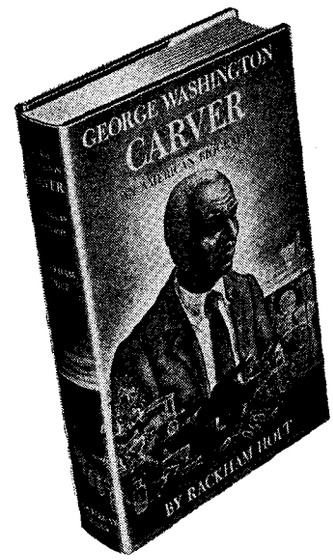
LOUIS B. MAYER, head man at M-G-M, is the target for jibes by many disappointed writers. One scriptist whose option was not picked up was heard to mutter "I'd rather have 'T.B.' than 'L.B.'" Howard Dietz calls Mayer "Czar of all the rushes." . . . Dietz also gets credit for the story of the secretary who came to Mr. Goldwyn and said "Our files are getting so crowded that I'd like your permission to destroy all correspondence over ten years old." "O.K.," said Goldwyn after some thought, "But don't forget to make copies!" . . . Bob Hope reports that Hollywood stars are still supporting the Red Cross blood bank heartily. Several of them contributed a pint last week; W. C. Fields donated a fifth. . . . Olin Clark tells about the shoestring producer who wanted a certain big-name actor for marquee purposes but had only cash enough to pay for about twenty minutes of his time at market rates. Came the shooting day and also the actor, but when the camera was ready to grind, the actor had disappeared. The producer screamed and his assistant rushed over to report "He went to the washroom but he said for you to wait; he'll be back in a minute." "Wait, hell!" roared the producer. "We'll shoot around him." . . .

A Happy New Year!

BENNETT CERF.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

One of 1943's enduring books...



THE story of an American born in slavery who lived to see the world's distinguished scientists beat a humble path of tribute to his door. A life of such self-effacing usefulness that "when you finish reading it, you will believe in God, or at any rate, you will have a new belief in man."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.* "The story of all that America stands for—freedom, equality, justice, jobs, opportunity. A sympathetic, stirring story of a great man by a great writer."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

by Rackham Holt

At your bookseller's

$3.50 DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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Russian Life and Letters

A TREASURY OF RUSSIAN LIFE AND HUMOR. Edited by John Cournos. New York: Coward-McCann. 1943. 676 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER KAUN

IN his Introduction Mr. Cournos explains the purpose of this collection as an effort "to help understand the Russia of yesterday and today." He has done well by the "yesterday," decidedly better than by the "today." The old is adequately represented by citations from the pioneers —Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, the giant novelists—Turgeniev, Goncharov, Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, and the last spokesmen for pre-revolutionary Russia—Chekhov, Gorky, Andreiev, Solugub, Bunin. In the period following 1917, Mr. Cournos obviously does not feel at home, which is evident from his selections and even more from his omissions.

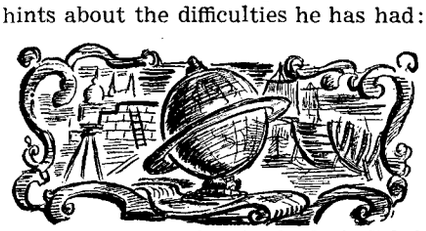
The nineteenth century is suggestively presented. One who likes the cafeteria style of anthologies will delight in such tidbits from great novels as deal with Turgeniev's Bazarov, or Dostoievsky's Raskolnikov and Ivan Karamazov (the "Poem of the Grand Inquisitor" is happily included), or Tolstoy's Napoleon and Pièrre Bezukohv. You may differ from the editor's choice of the fragments, but then it is the prerogative of an editor to follow his taste and preferences. The subjectivity of the compiler's taste is most emphatic in his selection of short stories. Few will disapprove of "The Queen of Spades," "Taman," "The Cloak," as characteristic of the prose, respectively, of Pushkin, Lermontov, and Gogol. But it requires a peculiar criterion to pick out of the wealth of Turgeniev's "gems" (I am using Henry James's verdict) the rather pale "District Doctor," and to ferret out the least typical and least felicitous stories of Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Gorky, and Andreiev. Tolstoy's pious parable is fortunately atoned for by the portrait of the magnificent pagan Eroshka, from the "Cossacks." The others are glaringly misrepresented. Chekhov, to be sure, is redeemed by the inclusion, elsewhere, of his "Darling," but this is placed in the group of "Wit, Humor, and Satire." To think that Tolstoy shed copious tears over the pathos of this story! While Bunin fares well with his "Sunstroke" and "The Gentleman from San Francisco," Gorky is limited to the immature and slightly maudlin "One Autumn Night," and Andreiev to one of his early "horrors," "The Abyss," which all his later life he vainly tried to live down.

The group "Wit, Humor, and Satire" is, on the whole, well chosen. Krylov, Griboiedov, Gogol, Ostrovsky, Saltykov-Shchedrin, Leskov—these are the best humorists and satirists of nineteenth century Russia. Sologub's "Little Tales" are characteristic of their sadistically inclined author, and are well translated by Mr. Cournos. I should have chosen Tolstoy's light comedy "The Fruits of Enlightenment" in place of the two trifles from his "Wisdom of Children." To overlook Andreiev's one-act satire "Love for Your Neighbor" is an offense of a nodding editor. One is grateful for the fragments from Goncharov's "Oblomov," though they may have been more germane in the section "High Lights from Novels."

It is most gratifying that Mr. Cournos has put in close to one hundred pages of miscellaneous matter, such as essays, letters, recollections, and that traditionally Russian *genre,* confessions. The much abused "Russian soul" is fully revealed in these excerpts, thus amply contributing to the avowed purpose of the collection, the understanding of Russia (of yesterday). Turgeniev's address on "Hamlet and Don Quixote" unfolds Turgeniev the man and the artist more lucidly than tomes of criticism. The same is true of Dostoievsky's speech on Pushkin. The fragments from Merezhkovsky's essay on Pushkin and from Berdyaev's on the Russian Revolution are suggestive of the old intelligentsia with their dichotomies, contradictions, and intransigeant quest after the absolute. We have here Gorky at his best, in his reminiscences of Tolstoy, Chekhov, Blok. Of a definite value are the letters of Dostoievsky and Chekhov. Dostoievsky's hysteria and chaos appear here raw and artless, while Chekhov displays his unmalicious irony, his aristocratic reserve and fastidiousness (his descent from a serf notwithstanding). Of a peculiar pungency are the two excerpts from that enemy of God, Byzar, and Karl Marx —Michael Bakunin, but their brevity (hardly seven lines in all!) is disconcertingly tantalizing.

The poetry section is the least fortunate part of the book. Important omissions make it quite unrepresentative. Mr. Cournos drops some dark hints about the difficulties he has had: "I am away from my library" . . . "things I have left out by circumstances quite beyond my control" . . . "having done my best within the limits permitted me." One feels sympathetic, naturally, but the yawning gaps cannot be justified by mysterious personal handicaps. Mr. Cournos explains the absence of Blok's "The Twelve" and of any Pasternak verse by his not finding an "adequate version in English." There are two versions of "The Twelve" and several short lyrics of Pasternak in English, and I venture to submit that it is by no means inferior to the English of the verses included in the book. Mr. Cournos's choice of translations (I am not speaking of his own, rather good efforts) is due either to his peculiar taste or to his ignorance of better versions, accessible in any decent library. His total omission of Mayakovsky is explained by the pontificial judgment that this poet's "Futuristic antics do not affect the Russian essence." Since the anthology presumes to represent Soviet letters ("After all, the great Russian Revolution has taken place," we are reminded in the Introduction), such arbitrariness is insupportable. To leave Mayakovsky out of Soviet poetry, whether you like him or not, is like leaving Lenin out of the Bolshevik revolution, whatever your opinion of him. Aside from Mayakovsky's originality and force, his influence on his contemporaries and younger poets could not but affect what Mr. Cournos chooses to call "the Russian essence." The three early Bolshevik poets cited in the section can hardly be regarded as anything more than an ephemeral curiosity during the groping days of the revolution, and it is an affront to the reader's intelligence to confine Soviet poetry to those three bits.

Altogether the book would have gained in unity and quality, if the Soviet pieces had been omitted. Such fine examples of Soviet prose as are culled from Babel, Kataiev, Leonov, Sholokhov, Poliakov are too fragmentary for an adequate formation of opinion about this literature. The humor of Zoshchenko may, indeed, be gauged from the one brief sketch cited, but the chapter from Ilf and Petrov's novel hangs in the air. Limited to the authors preceding 1917, the collection would have more proportion, and would more properly present what Mr. Cournos, in his own words, "should wish to preserve of Russian literature on his own shelf."



—Drawing by Louis Slobodkin, from "Peter the Great."

Doubleday, Doran & Co. announces an award of $2,500 for any book—fiction, non-fiction or poetry—dealing with American Negroes which seems to be worthy of this special recognition. The offer is already effective.

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The Defeat Inside Victory

ONE HUMANITY. By Howard E. Kershner. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1943. 81 *pp.* $1.25.

Reviewed by BONARO W. OVERSTREET

> The freedom-loving people of Europe are slowly dying from starvation. The proud boast of the Nazis that they are a superior race is coming true. Those who have enough to eat are indeed superior to the tuberculosis-ridden, undersized, misshapen bodies of the starved inhabitants of the occupied countries. . . . With the birthrate dropping and the infant mortality rate rising like a thermometer in a burning building, whole populations are being cut off at the source.

THAT is the first paragraph of this small book by Howard E. Kershner, Director of the American Friends Service Committee in Europe, 1939-1942. Also, it is the text of the book: the children are dying: the children in whom the democratic spirit should be finding, in Europe, its tomorrow's embodiment.

The question that is put to us by this book is so direct and simple that it startles into new awareness the apathetic mind and heart: With the children dead—or with their bodies and minds hopelessly twisted by malnutrition—where do the peoples who are now ostensibly fighting for freedom expect to find the human material for tomorrow's free society? To avoid that question; or to wrap it up in diplomatic clap-trap; or to explain all the difficulties in the way of feeding the children—no one of these dubious expedients will bring back to life children who are dead; nor can all the astute diplomacy in the world conjure up out of unliving stuff a new body of living democrats to people a world that is presumably being made ready for democracy.

This is not the sort of book I like to review. For the review should properly consist of four words only: *Read it for yourself.* To my mind, Mr. Kershner has effectively answered all the diplomatic and "practical" objections to feeding the children of the occupied countries. He has shown how the next generation of Europe can be saved without aiding the present enemy. He has, moreover, weighed the present diplomatic temper of our own country and of Great Britain in a delicate scale of understanding and has shown what the lay citizen can do to induce on the part of his government an active concern about Europe's children. This small book might well be called a primer of human decency.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 508)

DON MARQUIS:
THE RETURN OF ARCHY
(from archys life of mehitabel)

i have been organizing the insects
the ants worms wasps
bees cockroaches
mosquitoes
for a revolt against mankind
. . . . . .
from my seat
on the edge of a bowl of beef stew
i launch the thunderous
molecule
that smites a cosmos into bits

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

WEATHER REPORTS

Now that the government has permitted once more the broadcasting of weather reports, we offer you ten famous samples from the realm of poetry. Can you identify the poem from which each was taken and also the author? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, 80 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 20.

1. The day is cold, and dark, and dreary; it rains, and the wind is never weary.
2. The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year, of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
3. Announced by all the trumpets of the sky, arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields, seems nowhere to alight.
4. The sea is calm tonight, the tide is full, the moon lies fair upon the Straights.
5. The year's at the spring and day's at the morn; morning's at seven; the hillside's dew-pearled.
6. Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright.
7. No sun—no moon! No morn—no noon—no dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day.
8. It is a beauteous evening, calm and free, the holy time is quiet as a Nun breathless with adoration.
9. De wind she blow from nor'—eas'—wes'—de sout' wind she blow too.
10. How beautifully blue the sky, the glass is rising very high, continue fine I hope it may, and yet it rained but yesterday.

Northerners are amazed Southerners chuckle— at

I CAN GO HOME AGAIN

By ARTHUR G. POWELL

HERE'S the citizen of the Sovereign State of Georgia to the life, and "the most paradoxical culture in the U S. — at once barbarous, virile and generous." Judge Powell tells about his backwoods neighbors and their fascinated interest in homicide and religion in a book that's full of violence, racy language, tall tales, dry wit and truth. $3.00

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SRL Inaugurates Classroom Service

The Saturday Review of Literature has inaugurated a new classroom service, which is directed by Carrie Belle Parks, of State Teachers College, Indiana, Pa. For teachers of English in high schools and colleges, Miss Parks has prepared a manual of suggestions for use of *The Saturday Review* in the classroom. Also available is a special monthly bulletin for teachers using the service. *The Saturday Review* has made for teachers a special student subscription rate—6 issues, 50 cents, 12 issues, $1, for bulk orders shipped to one name. A free copy for the instructor is included.

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The Phoenix Nest

ROBERT BENCHLEY of Hollywood has written me that when he was at the age when a boy's voice cracks and he learns (or did learn, in 1905) Kipling by heart, hoping that it will make him a better boy,

> I was greatly moved by my own rendition (in private) of the dedication to Wolcott Balestier which prefaced "Barrack-Room Ballads." The line that really got me was, of course: *"And they rise to their feet as He passes by, gentlemen unafraid,"* but, in order to get into that part of the routine, I had to learn the preceding lines which ran, I am sure:
>
> *"And oftimes cometh our wise Lord God, Master of every trade, And tells them tales of the Seventh Day, and of Edens newly made."*
>
> (I am sure, because I just checked on my old edition.)
>
> Now. In thumbing through the new T. S. Eliot selections of Kipling, I naturally was pleased to note that he had included my favorite, but shocked to find that the line now reads:
>
> "And tells them tales of His daily toil" instead of "the Seventh Day." At first, not having my boyhood edition at hand, I was driven slowly crazy trying to figure out why, for all these years, I had been thinking that it was "the Seventh Day." One doesn't just make up "the Seventh Day" out of one's own head like that. I could just as well have made up "the Second Front" or "Minetta Lane" if I were going to make up something. It was a great relief to me when I asked my son to look it up in the volumes of Kipling that belonged to Daddy in the bookcase by the stairs in the upper hall, and heard him read "the Seventh Day" over the telephone. (Long distance.)
>
> Now the question is: Who changed "the Seventh Day" to "his daily toil" and why? Has the Seventh Day come to take on a Communistic meaning? It certainly isn't less fluid, and, although I don't quite know what it means in that connection, I like it better for poetry. Did Kipling change it in a revised edition before he died, or did T. S. Eliot? I don't think that Max Perkins did.

"Barrack Room Ballads" was published in 1892. My own edition is of 1902 (Methuen & Co., London) and the dedication there reads "And tells them tales of his daily toil," but I have seen the other version elsewhere. Just when Kipling changed it I can't find out. Further advices from Benchley, *via* dog-sled, have been that his edition is Doubleday, Page's, *circa* 1907, when he left home for Exeter. (*Ye Scribe* was then just thrust out into the cold world from the Sheffield Scientific School!) Anyway, Benchley still thinks "Seventh Day" better than "daily toil," but R. K. has "daily toil" in "Rudyard Kipling's Verse, Definitive Edition, Doubleday, Doran, 1940." Can any reader throw further light?

Raymond M. Crosby, one of the illustrators I have most esteemed since I first met with his work in the *Yale Courant* of the late '90s, tells me that Alfred Ollivant told his publishers to put out only three copies of "Red Coat Captain," one for themselves, one for him, and one for sale. Apparently they ignored his request, for I picked up the first copy I ever got, in San Francisco back in about 1909. (The book was published by John Murray in London in 1907). Mr. Crosby also rebukes me for calling it a "children's book," in which he is quite right. He says that at the time it came out there was talk in England about its being a satire on British rule in India. He also remarks truly that "The Gentleman" is one of the few books without a female character in it.

An interesting question is raised by Victor S. Yarros, who sends me an article of his, published in *Unity,* and called "Editorial Writers as Hessians." At the risk of precipitating something again, here is the query: can editorial writers write as they please in the press? That is really what Mr. Yarros asks. They have "a passion for anonymity." There are several thousand of them in this country.

> They love their work; they take pride in it and are envied by the average reporter, desk men, feature writer, and others on the force. But their position in this country is strictly anomalous. *They* seldom "write as they please" [Mr. Yarros is here referring to the title of Walter Duranty's book]. Many of them are content to take their ideas from the editor-in-chief, or the publisher, and supply only the manner, the style, the expression. Some seek to put a little of their own thought into the pieces they write. They feel no moral responsibility for their editorials. After all, they say, it is the paper that editorializes, and their own part is comparable to that played by the typesetter or the proofreader.

Mr. Yarros goes on to say,

> Clearly, to this accommodating journalist, the professional writer is a Hessian, an adventurer, who cheerfully sells his skill to the highest bidder.

Then he speaks of other mature editorial writers who are not happy and

> blame the American practice of employing editorial writers without asking them whether they are conservatives, liberals, radicals, or revolutionists; whether they favor free trade or high protection, the single gold standard or a managed currency, economic planning, or the system of private enterprise. It is a fact that when you apply for an editorial job, you are asked what your experience has been in that field, what education you have received, and what questions you are qualified to treat with reasonable competence. You are not asked whether you share the views expressed by the paper you wish to join and adorn. It is also a fact that in Europe the situation is different. No writer applies for an editorial job on a paper whose policies he disapproves. No British Liberal would seek a job on a Tory Paper, and no Tory would think of offering to write on politics for a Liberal newspaper. . . .

He goes on to say

> Few editorial writers [American] like to be dubbed cranky or "difficult," no matter what the boss may say by way of reassurance. Finally, and above all, no editorial writer wants to surrender the major political topics to his colleagues and confine himself to minor editorials or to innocuous "fillers."

Also George Seldes has said, in *In Fact,* that

> in almost every case where the press is 80 or 99 per cent for or against something, the men who write for the press are exactly on the opposite side. The press was 85 to 95 per cent against Roosevelt for President, the newspaper men 85 to 95 per cent for Roosevelt. . . . It is interesting to note that the men who write for the papers are against Hearst, McCormick, Patterson, Roy Howard, the rules of the Associated Press, Westbrook Pegler, and all labor-baiters.

Mr. Yarros says he is a retired editorial writer and thinks the whole subject is important, ethically and journalistically; that the situation is abnormal and paradoxical. As I have never been a newspaper editorial writer, I myself am not sufficiently familiar with the situation to express an opinion upon it. But I should like to hear others do so.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Longfellow: "The Rainy Day."
2. Bryant: "The Death of the Flowers."
3. Emerson: "The Snow-Storm."
4. Matthew Arnold: "Dover Beach."
5. Browning: "Pippa Passes."
6. Ernest Lawrence Thayer: "Casey at the Bat."
7. Thomas Hood: "No."
8. Wordsworth: "It Is a Beauteous Evening."
9. William Henry Drummond: The "Julie Plante."
10. W. S. Gilbert: Chatter Chorus, from "The Pirates of Penzance."

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The Nature of the Crisis

FREEDOM FORGOTTEN AND REMEMBERED. By Helmut Kuhn. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1943. 267 *pp.* $2.50.

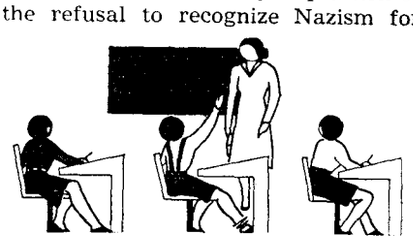
Reviewed by HANS KOHN

THIS book carries a motto from St. Augustine: "They came to life again by remembering their proper life which they had forgotten." This has come true to a large extent of Britain and to a lesser extent of the United States in the present war. The significance of this war, the deeper meaning of the crisis of which it is the outward expression, forms the subject of the present book. The author, a philosopher born and trained in Germany, deals with his subject in a way which makes this book an outstanding contribution for the understanding of our time. The book has great depth, and yet it is written with a lucidity and brilliance which render reading a pleasant effort well rewarded.

The author opposes the two worlds in conflict which have brought about the present war. Both show signs of a profound and pernicious malady, but in different stages. The one, the German world, was bent upon the destruction of the idea of freedom. That was not the work of Hitler or of the National Socialists but a deep malady embedded in the German mind and expressed by many of its philosophers and thinkers, historians and political scientists, long before Hitler came into power. This German philosophy proclaimed the relativism of all values and attacked the rationality of man and his freedom of choice. The author quotes a highly revealing statement by Mussolini written as far back as 1921, well before Hitler's name emerged into the limelight of the future duce's attention and of world-wide publicity: "In Germany relativism is an exceedingly daring and subversive theoretical construction" (Germany's philosophical revolt against the West heralding the military revenge); "if relativism signifies contempt for men who claim to be the bearers of an objective truth, then there is nothing more relativistic than fascist attitudes. From the fact that all ideologies are of equal value, mere fictions, the modern relativist infers that everybody has the right to create his own ideology and to enforce it with all energy." The Germans absolutized relativism. Out of German "depth" the German mind felt itself confronted with the "tragedy" of life, with the "decline" of civilization, with the inevitable "destiny" of despair, in which man and his rational freedom are lost.

The author gives one of the most brilliant and incisive analyses of the German mind at the beginning of the twentieth century which this reviewer has ever read. He is not afraid of drawing certain conclusions against the myth of a German democracy to whom the future of Germany and of the peace of Europe could be safely entrusted after this war. "The Weimar Republic was a democracy without democrats. The history of German political liberalism had been a succession of disastrous defeats and a protracted agony. The brilliant Rathenau adhered to Nietzsche's doctrine of the master-race, Stresemann belonged to the group which had bartered liberalism for Realpolitik." Yet while there was in Germany no living and strong tradition of freedom, this tradition, once so strong and living in the Western world, still alive there, was even there being more and more forgotten. The West was sick too, and its sickness revealed itself in the wide and uncritical acceptance of German legends and attitudes, in the often repeated statements that Hitler restored the Germans to self-respect and a sense of honor, in a deterministic submission to "inevitable" revolutions and waves, in a pacifism which believed that democracy was unable to challenge the totalitarian menace without sacrificing freedom and that therefore freedom could not be defended.

The author's analysis of the pre-war mind of many in the democracies, of their fears, pretexts, and wishful evasions, is almost as brilliantly done as his analysis of the German mind. Only it is more familiar to the American reader, though he may rarely have found the case presented with similar clarity and forcefulness. The democratic world, or rather many of its representatives and most of its masses, shares the responsibility for the war and the crisis. "The refusal to recognize Nazism for what it is constitutes the first degree of complicity. . . . As people had set their minds on not seeing what happened, they eagerly listened to those who demonstrated that nothing happened." To these words of the author the reviewer would only add that it was not only a question of the refusal to recognize Nazism for



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what it is but also to recognize the workings of the German mind and their implications before Nazism arose.

There is no space here to discuss the author's remarkable pages on Nietzsche and on the meaning of rational freedom and its limitations. No more can be done than to refer those who wish to penetrate below the surface of the crisis of the last decades to the book itself. As to the democracies and the future, the author rightly and hopefully points to the war as a process of slow and painful learning, as a creative recovery, an act of recollection. "The elements of the knowledge which we need are stored in our tradition, we are called upon to decipher the truth which they contain." The war teaches us two things: to understand the ultimate basis of our civilization and its value, and at the same time the dignity and importance of those realities, like the nation, which are the instruments by which the world is ordered and civilization made possible.

As regards the coming peace, the author makes the most sensible suggestion: the existing war alliance should be transformed into a peace alliance, in which the unity of the British Commonwealth and the United States might be much more intimate than the relations with China or Russia. "Not a uniform pattern should be imposed, but all existing affinities and loyalties should be sedulously fostered. Every existing cohesion is valuable, and none should be thought of as excluding any other. No doubt, by cultivating affinities, we incur the risk of perpetuating old divisions. But this risk cannot be avoided. If we are afraid of it we shall, by hankering after the mirage of a world republic, relapse into the chaos of national egoisms. . . . A true victory may prompt the enemy to acquiesce, morally and not merely factually, in the defeat as final and decisive. It is not intolerable, to be defeated by a real victor, by one who believes in the truth of his triumphant cause."

In 1919 the victors soon grew cynical about the cause for which they had fought, and thus fell easily victims to the German propaganda of the decline of the West and German legends about have-nots and recent history. There is hope that this time we shall have learned a lesson "both in faith and in realism." This distinguished book can do much to help us in that direction. It will convince every reader that profundity of philosophical thought can go hand in hand with lucidity of style and with a sane and courageous realism in facing the political task.

Between Calls to General Quarters

CONDITION RED. By Commander Frederick J. Bell, U.S.N. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1943. 247 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

The new mess-caterer, after going into a huddle with the steward, announced with pride that there would be home-made cherry pie for dinner. But the steward had come under a spell. His pie was a beautiful St. Patrick's creation made entirely of green maraschino cherries.

THE U. S. Navy has been a highly literate service at least since the day when a certain captain got to meditating about what would happen if Hannibal had been able to strike directly at Rome across the Mediterranean instead of marching around its shores. But its literature had conspicuously lacked one element; the discursive, anecdotal, easy-going account of life at sea in war which the British have been producing ever since the time of Mr. Midshipman Easy. "Condition Red" steps into the gap; and into another as well, for it is the first book, almost the first literature, to deal with the destroyer services.

In case you didn't know it, these are the Saturday's children of war. When the fleet comes in the men on the battleships and cruisers get forty-eight hours' liberty; the carrier squadron "assumed shore-based status," but the destroyers are handed orders for emergency refueling and stand by to go out in the morning with a ten-knot convoy while the officers' pants wear out and they don't have time to buy new ones. Destroyers see more action than any other type of ship, for there is no naval occasion that lacks a place for them.

Such a ship is a little, very lively world, which speedily develops its own traditions; a special way of life, sometimes violent and tragic, sometimes boring, always laborious. The individual's defense is usually philosophy as Ben Johnson would have used the term—but let's not get too intellectual about it, this is not a book in which people discuss life, it is one in which the steward makes maraschino cherry pies and a destroyer cruises from one end of the Pacific to the other with some fighting off Guadalcanal.

The accuracy of all the memoirs cannot be guaranteed (the book was evidently written aboard in the intervals between calls to General Quarters), but who cares? The accuracy of the psychological pattern, of what men think about and do in the least-known service of the war is beyond question.

The Story Behind the Wires

POWER UNLEASHED. The Story of Electricity and Power. By M. M. Samuels. New York: Dorset House. 1943. 300 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

ASK the average payer of electric bills what a kilowatt is, and he is stumped. Ask him how the current is generated and distributed to thousands of homes by a single central station and he answers in the vaguest generalities. The reason for this ignorance is to be found in the popular books on electricity. They explain electric phenomena, plainly enough, but they do little to explain the larger aspects of electrical engineering. Mr. Samuels, an experienced engineer, rises to the occasion with a book that stands apart. He knows not only his subject but how to elucidate it for the benefit of bill-payers who cannot even read a meter.

In this admirably written volume the reader is taken into the central station, and the machinery is explained to him. Or, more accurate, he is first taught what energy is and how it is generated by fuel, falling water, chemicals, and ocean tides. Nor are the economics of electrical engineering of the future of power generation neglected. It would seem as if Mr. Samuels has been asked several thousand silly questions in his time; for he answers them all as well as many that are cogent. He has not neglected a single phase of his vast subject, with the possible exception of electronics, which, it seems to this reviewer, was worth more space in view of the revolution that it has wrought in industry. For a good, straightforward account of electric energy in daily life and the operation of central stations there is no better book than this. Even the executives of utility companies and first-year students can profit by reading Samuels, though his appeal is to a public that does not know the difference between a volt and an ampère.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

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The Crostics Club

JOSEPH P. GRANDFIELD'S exciting third report of our DC timekeepers is at hand. (For once let us get his address straight—495 Main Street, South Glastonbury, Conn.) Mrs. Hilda Stice has been replaced as Queen-of-the-Month by Elizabeth Toms, whose average this month is forty-six minutes. Mrs. Stice is resting on her laurels and refuses to compete until she can get back in stride. King-of-the-Month by a fraction is Elmer Rice. His average over the last ten DCs is 38.6 minutes. Gordon Winslow Smith made a sharp bid to add his third King-of-the-Month title with a 39.7 minute average over the same list of DCs. . . . Elmer Rice has proven to be a fine sport. Mr. Smith is in for a battle from here on. I intend to send each of the Dcers in the time-keepers' group a scorecard of the main group of contestants.

Philip Hamburger, perpetrator of that most clever and flattering article on our D.C.'s in a recent number of *The New Yorker*, "Onward and Upward with the Arts: Tow-row and Hitty-missy," tells us that his wife is our latest convert and that when she left for home and Christmas, instead of saying goodbye at the train gate, she shouted, "What's *ankh* in three letters?" Now, that really troubles me.

Mrs. Russell R. McPeek, Charlotte, Mich., moved by my remarks about cooking sends us this parody, author unknown, which she has written in many a cook book and which is worth passing on to other cooks:

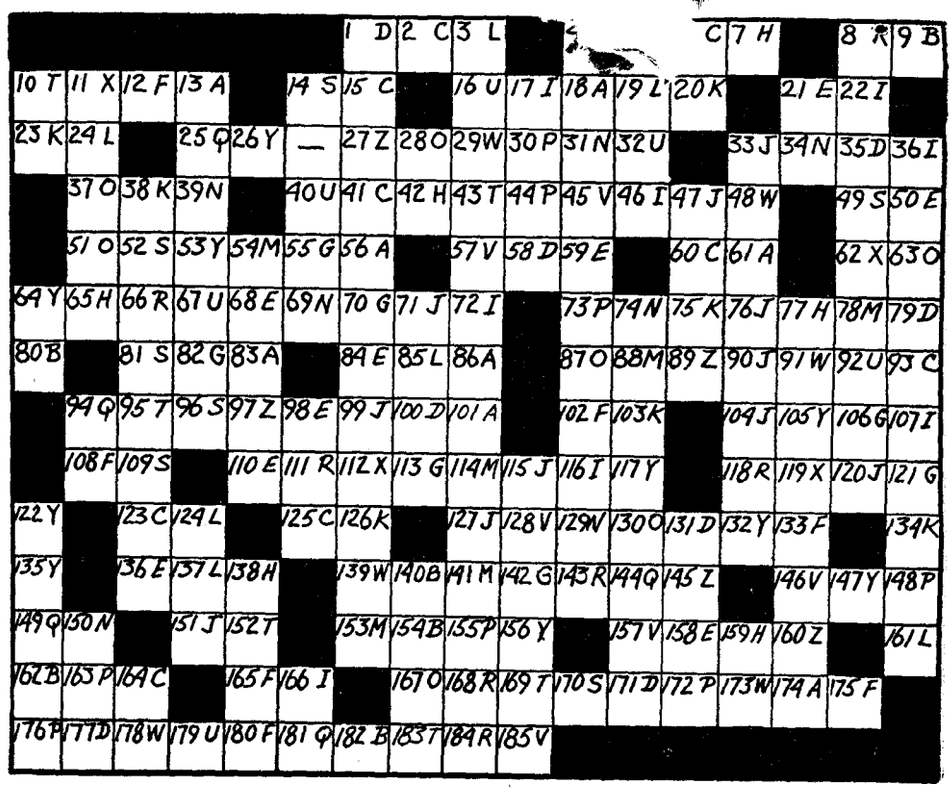
She cooketh best who knoweth best
All things both great and small
And the same mind that learning grasps
Can cook, housekeep and all.

An excellent illustration of how far D.C. research can carry us!

At the conclusion of Wilbur L. Cross's autobiography, "A Connecticut Yankee," is printed the last Thanksgiving Proclamation he issued as Governor of Connecticut. So universal is its appeal, so fitting for the season, that I should like to leave the last sentence of it with you as a parting message for the year:

It is right that we whose arc of sky has been darkened by no war hawk, who have been forced by no man to stand and speak when to speak was to choose between life and death, should give thanks also for the further mercies we have enjoyed, beyond desert or any estimation, of Justice, Freedom, Loving-kindness, Peace-resolving, as we prize them, to let no occasion go without some prompting or some effort worthy in a way however humble of those proudest among man's ideals, which burn, though it may be like candles fitfully in our gusty world, with a light so clear we name its source divine.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 509

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. American landscape painter (1869-).
B. Opera by Charpentier.
C. Appellation of the Franco-Prussian War (2 wds.)
D. Cml. city and treaty port, Hopeh Prov., China.
E. Suppressing or controlling another's action (Biol.)
F. A Mnemonic word whose initials are the colors of the spectrum (Physics).
G. Spinach (Fr.)
H. An eighteenth century night-brawler of London.
I. A marriage broker, esp. among certain Jews.
J. A few times (3 wds.)
K. Spurious; illegitimate.
L. The national god of the Moabites.
M. A subservient hanger-on of a political patron (colloq.)
N. Italian actress (1822-1906).
O. Briefly (2 wds.)
P. To make extinct (2 wds.)
Q. A vestige.
R. The Semitic language of an ancient people akin to the Hebrews (Bib.)
S. A teacher or expounder of the Koran and Mohammedan Law.
T. A sibilant rale (Med.)
U. A reciprocating motion.
V. Supplemented by a scanty addition (2 wds.)
W. Clothed, esp. oddly (with *out* or *up*.)
X. A page in "Love's Labour's Lost."
Y. Undecided as to two opposing theories, etc. (3 wds.; colloq.)
Z. Indian Nationalist leader.

WORDS

56 86 101 61 18 13 174 83
182 140 162 154 80 9
15 123 41 93 60 125 164 2 6
1 171 100 177 35 79 131 58
59 110 98 50 136 158 84 21 68
180 102 165 133 175 108 12
55 70 113 82 106 121 142
77 42 159 7 138 65
22 116 17 5 107 72 36 166 46
151 115 127 76 90 99 104 33 71 47 129
75 134 23 20 126 38 103
19 85 3 161 24 124 137
54 78 114 153 88 141
31 74 150 129 69 39 34
63 28 167 87 37 51 130
163 172 30 73 155 148 176 44
149 94 144 25 181
168 66 111 8 143 118 184
81 170 109 52 96 14 49
43 169 152 10 183 95
92 40 32 67 179 16
157 146 45 185 57 128 4
178 91 173 139 48 29
62 11 112 119
26 147 53 105 117 135 122 132 64 156
145 27 160 89 97

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war nerves?
melancholia?
weltschmerz?
mal de siecle?
gift problem?
boredom?

try ☛

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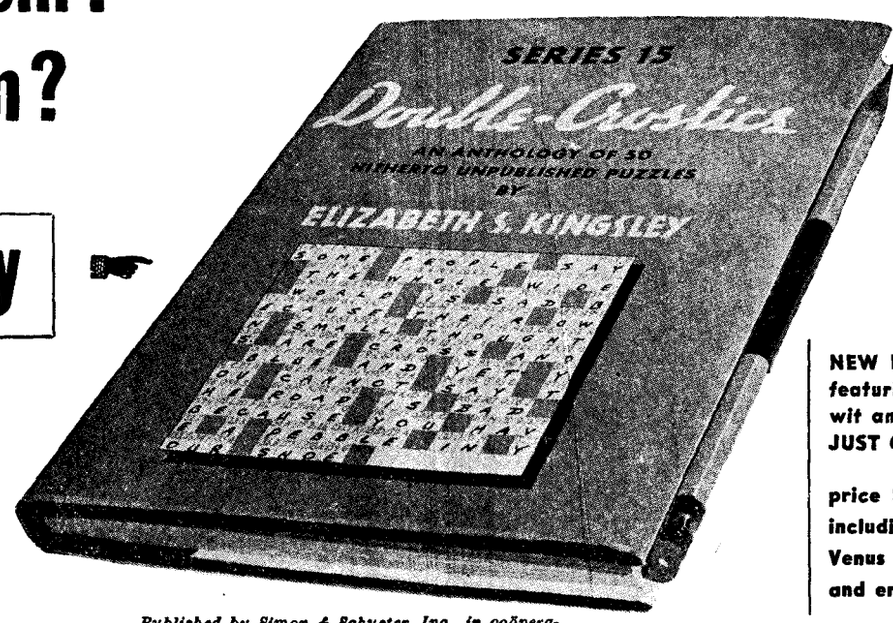

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